

ATLANTIS,

— AND —

Other Poems,

— BY —

WILLIAM WALTON HOSKINS,

OF MISSISSIPPI.

“ Ascend ; I follow thee, safe guide, the path
Thou lead’st me, and to the hand of Heaven submit,
However chastening ; to the evil turn
My obvious breast, arming to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest from labor won,
If so I may attain.”

MILTON’S PARADISE LOST, Book xi, page 359.

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PREFACE.

THIS is my first attempt at writing a book of poems, and I trust that the generous public will consider that fact in rendering a verdict upon it, and be satisfied with it, no matter if it should not be what I have essayed to make it: a representative book from the Southern States. I am a native Mississippian, born at Lexington, Holmes County, on the 2d day of August, 1856, and am consequently only 24 years of age. Trusting, therefore, what defects may be found therein by the polished circles into which it will wend its way, may be attributed to my youth and inexperience, I remain,

Deferentially, yours,

WILLIAM WALTON HOSKINS.



Dedication.

TO MY RESPECTED PARENTS,
J. S. AND S. A. HOSKINS,
OF LEXINGTON, MISSISSIPPI,
THIS BOOK IS
DEDICATED, AS A FAINT TOKEN
OF
FILIAL LOVE AND ESTEEM.

HILLSIDE HOME, 1880.

ATLANTIS.

PROLOGUE.

COME, reader, go with me unto the sea's dark caves,
And let us solve the secrets of its hidden graves.

Thence let us lift the solemn pall that shrouds
The lifeless forms of its imprisoned crowds.

Whole empires we will raise from out their silent tomb,
Where they have lain, long centuries, in gloom.

Rebuild their cities that have crumbled to decay,
And people them again as in their olden day.

The same tall trees shall lift their heads again,
The same rich fruits shall bloom on hill and plain.

The same bright streams shall irrigate the soil,
And the same harvests bless attentive toil.

The same wild birds shall thrill the list'ning air,
And the same flowers shed their fragrance there !

The pulseless dead shall wake again to life,
And know the old contentment—and the strife !

The man, who, in his golden pride and prime,
Seemed lost to earth before the needful time ;

The woman, who, with matron-face, sedate,
Bowed her meek head and yielded to her fate ;

The boy, who, in his thoughtless, careless glee,
Smiled a sweet smile, and smiling, ceased to be ;

The girl, who, in her radiant summer years,
Took flight amid fair Nature's sighs and tears ;

The infant, which, scarce welcomed to the earth,
Was nursed by Death the moment of its birth ;

The passions, same, shall sway the human breast :
Love, Envy, Hate, Revenge, and all the rest !





Atlantis.

CANTO I.

THE PROPHECY.

THE morning dawned upon Atlantis
Like a crimson-robed Enchantress !
The sun, scarce risen from his bed,
Just o'er the billows showed his head ;
His rosy rays caressed the sands,
And on the waves he placed his hands ;
His smiles lit up the ocean-queen,
And added lustre to the scene !

Atlantis, like a maiden fair,
With azure eyes and auburn hair,

In the strong arms of ocean lay,
His mistress for a passing day !
Her tropic lands, with beauties clad,
Were such to make her lover glad ;
Rejoiced, he worshipped at her feet,
And bathed them with his kisses sweet !

Her pretty island-world was still,
Except the wild, sweet matin-trill
Of early birds, surprised to see
The morning dawn so gloriously.
The flowers nodded to the sun,
In reverence most fitly won ;
The trees from out their slumber broke,
And, as they felt his beams, awoke.
But men, with two exceptions, were
Within their dwellings, loath to stir !

These two were walking on the beach,
Conversing low, in earnest speech ;
One was a man in rich attire,
Of giant form and eyes of fire ;

The tallest man in all the isle,
Whose lips were never known to smile ;
His long, black hair in curls did float
About his shoulders and his throat ;
His brow was lofty, and his mien
The kingliest eyes have ever seen !

The other was an older man,
And fashioned on a smaller plan !
His eyes were not so fierce nor fine,
But mirrored forth a soul divine ;
His hair was changing fast to gray,
His form was yielding to decay ;
His fingers trembled on his staff,
And feeble was his fitful laugh.
His dress was meagre, coarse and plain,
And met the prouder one's disdain ;
Yet, over all, a gift he had
That made him great, however clad !

They paused just where the sun's fresh rays
Flooded them in a golden haze,

And the taller raised his hand on high,
Pointing above to the tinted sky.

“See you yon light?” he questioning said,
As he haughtily curved his kingly head,
“In it a symbol I certainly see
Of what my own destiny is to be!
Feeble, at first, yet growing at length,
The whole world soon shall feel its strength!”

Slowly the other gazed over the sea,
Responding almost inaudibly:
“Brother, how often have I tried
To curb the dictates of your pride?
Ambition, at best, is a dangerous thing,
And failure, disaster most surely will bring!”

“Failure? the theme of a woman’s fears!
It cannot frighten a brave man’s years!
Go! preach to the coward of failure, for I
Will patiently listen to no such cry!
Who says that strong Padriphon pales at the
thought
That failure may turn all his efforts to naught?”

I was born to success; and Anthrasia has said
A crown of rich jewels shall circle my head!
It shall not be long, ere Kadrempe's proud throne,
With all of its glory, I shall christen mine own!"
"Vain, Padriphon, vain," thus the other replied,
"Are the delusive fallacies of your pride!
I gaze down the Vale of the Future, and see
What the Years and the Fates have allotted to
thee!
And I warn you, in time, your ambition to
check,
Ere it swallow you up in its pitiless wreck!"

"You gaze down the Vale of the Future, good
Seer?
I pray you inform me what there doth appear?"

The Prophet, for such was the smaller one's
name,
Looked long at his brother with eyes now
afame;
He held his hand thrice o'er the waves of the
sea,
And behold! Unexplainable mystery!

On the face of the foam, at the will of the Seer,
In letters that sparkled, these words did appear:

“Aye, Padriphon, aye, the throne shall be thine !
But the moment Kadrempa’s bright jewels shall
shine

On thy long, raven locks, that moment shall see
Thy throne and thy kingdom at once cease to
be !”

“Look, Padriphon, look,” cried the Prophet,
“and read

What a desolate sequence ambition doth breed !
Success *shall* be yours, but, in the space of a
breath,

Your triumph shall smite your proud form to its
death !

Atlantis, with all its rare beauties, shall be
Submerged in the depths of yon passionate sea !
For I remember me well, in the ancient archives
There’s a legend concerning our former Kings’
lives ;

This legend declares that the Gods of the Sea
Met in solemn conclave and decreed there should
be

Upreared from the depths of old Ocean, a land
That should be peopled, and governed by one of
their band.

This land they upreared ; ATLANTIS they named it,
All perfect and fair ; its people proclaimed it
The Eden of earth ; then the Gods of the Sea
Chose one of their number as monarch to be ;
The populace, now, are descendants of those
Who once, 'neath the waters, lived lives of re-
pose ;

And Kadrempa, the King, is descended from
them

Upon whose brows first rested the rare diadem
Thou art seeking to gain ; and this mystical lore
Relates, my dear brother, this fact, further-
more :

That the Gods of the Sea, in their wisdom, for-
bade

The crown e'er to pass from the Line they had
made ;

And that if ever the people should so far forget
The allegiance they owed *them*, as to turn traitors
and let

A Usurper wear the rich crown they had given,
In revenge for the deed, like a flash from the
 Heaven,
They would tear down the base of the Island, and
 all
Into the maw of the mad Ocean should fall !
Take warning, my brother ; beware how you plan
To wager with Fate the weak powers of Man !”

A moment the features of Padriphon paled !
A moment his heart became timid and quailed !
A moment his form quivered slightly with fear,
As he gazed on the mystical work of the Seer !
Then he conquered his fright, and remastered his
 will,
His features and nerves became tranquil and still,
And he answered, in tones of defiance and wrath :

“ I despise the foul omen your prophecy hath !
I condemn the weak warning your magic hath
 wrought,
And esteem all your croaking and prating as
 naught ;

Shrewd Padriphon's scheming shall baffle the
wave,

And shackle it down with the chain of the slave !

Go ! Cant to your daughter of ills that you see,

But cease your endeavors to influence me !

I shall never give over the end I've in view,

Let the Sea and the Prophet do all they can do !''

CANTO II.

ILPACIA AND LEONTA.

THE sun, that on the ocean smiled,
Beamed, too, upon the forest wild ;
And chased the shadows to their dens,
Moss-covered in the lonely glens ;
The beasts of prey themselves betook
Unto the forest's deepest nook ;
The timid deer, with nimble feet,
Scampered afar in swift retreat ;
The zephyrs tuned their harps anew
As the luscious morning met their view.
The streamlets sang a sweeter song,
As they merrily rippled and danced along,
The woodland fairies joyously
Welcomed the day that was to be ;
And Nature herself, a living queen,
Paused in mid-air to note the scene.

A lowly cottage, illy-made,
Could just be seen within the shade ;
And in its door a maiden stood,
Most perfect type of womanhood !
Fair was she, as the rose is fair,
With tinted cheeks and sunny hair ;
Her eyes were blue as the sea is blue,
And glistened as the radiant dew ;
Her form was matchless in its grace,
And mated well her peerless face ;
Her dress was of the purest white,
And made her seem an angel bright.
Thus, thus, she stood, bewitching one,
And watched the rising of the sun.

Yet o'er her face a cloud has passed,
Like unto that on the bright sky cast
Which half obscures, but does not quite
Conceal the soft moon's liquid light ;
For though the cloud was on her face,
And somewhat marred its perfect grace,
Her ruby lips, in eager start,
Were like two rose-leaves cleft apart ;
The cheerful smile that from them broke,
A soul of artless nature spoke.

One hand was gently raised above
Her eyes, the prison-cells of love ;
For passion glowed in every glance,
And her warm beauty did enhance ;
The other held the clust'ring vine
That round the walls and door did twine,
Uplifted, in such proper place,
They formed a framing for her face.

“ I wonder what keeps father so ? ”
She said, with bated breath and low ;
“ 'Tis time he should return to me
And silence my anxiety ;
Padriphon came for him this morn,
Long hours ere the day was born,
Some question deep, of him to ask,
Which were, indeed, an idle task ;
For father thinks my uncle vain,
Of plotting soul and grasping brain ;
He thinks him cold and ruthless, too,
With only selfish aims in view ;
And I am sure will never aid
In any scheme his pride has made . ”

No answer came to her soft words,
Except the chirping of the birds,
And the sad cadence of the breeze,
Low whisp'ring to the solemn trees ;
Awhile she listened for reply,
And then, with half regretful sigh,
She loosed the vine, which swiftly found
Its olden place the door around,
And, turning, went within the room,
Made dusky by the misty gloom.

A young girl moved across the floor
As the Prophet's daughter left the door ;
She had darker skin and darker hair
Than her sweet mistress blooming there ;
Her eyes were darker, and her face
Less perfect in its rounded grace ;
Her form had less of angel mould,
And of a ruder nature told.

“Leonta,” said the fairer girl,
“When saw you last that clumsy churl,
Who hath an empty purse and brain,
Yclept the witless Hydrophane ?”

Leonta's dark face darker grew,
Her dark eyes flashed with darker hue ;
She made a hasty gesture, and
Burst forth with this unkind demand :

“ And pray, Ilpacia, tell me when
You saw the bravest of brave men,
Who some day may enhance your joy,
Yclept the valiant Elephois ?”

Ilpacia's features flushed at this ;
Leonta had not aimed amiss.

“ Come, come,” she said, “ I did but jest ;
Yet I will answer your request :
I saw the one you mentioned when
Last even's moon illumed the glen.
Now, when did you, I ask again,
Last see the luckless Hydrophane ?”

“ I saw him when he last was here
To pay his homage to the Seer !
And, mistress mine, one word I'll say—
Please pardon my intrusive way ;

He loves you does this Hydrophane !
I see it in his actions plain ;
I note it in his ravished eyes,
And in his restless, broken sighs ;
I hear it in his very tone,
Which breathes of love for you alone.
Then why, oh, why, disdain his suit,
Which promises such royal fruit
Of happiness in after-years ?”

“ Because this man to me appears
To be of awkward, uncouth form !”

“ Ah, but his heart is rich and warm ;
His nature is as good and kind
As any you can ever find !”

“ That may all be,” Ilpacia smiled,
With the simple candor of a child,
“ But I have formed a different view
Of Hydrophane, my maid, from you.
Now, Elephois—I grant that he
Is all you paint your choice to be :

Of comely form and manly brow,
Methinks I see his image now ;
His gentle face a noble heart
Exhibits as an open chart ;
His brilliant eyes show forth a soul
Where only virtues have control ;
Leonta, had you plead for him,
I would not thus so frozen seem ;
For all my being worships low
Beneath his altar pure as snow !”

“ Ilpacia,” thus Leonta warned,
“ Do you not see your love is scorned
And counted naught by Elephois,
Who pleads for passion, to destroy ?
'Tis true his form is comely ; true
His brow is manly-looking, too ;
True that his face seems most divine,
And true his eyes in brilliance shine ;
Yet on that form his Maker's hand
Has placed Deception's blackest brand ;
And on that brow is written plain,
Treachery, Falsehood and Disdain ;

And though that face be bright and fair,
The Traitor's mark is chiselled there ;
And though those eyes do gleam and shine,
They bode no good for thee or thine !
Beware, Ilpacia, how you trust
Your future to the faith of lust !”

“ Nay,” said Ilpacia, smiling still,
“ Stain him, Leonta, as you will ;
I have his picture in my heart,
You cannot soil its smallest part !
And, whilst I'm speaking, let me say
What I discovered the other day :
I saw Leonta, beside a stream,
Indulging in a passing dream ;
And while she thus unconsciously
Was revelling in reverie,
Her lips were parted, there and then,
And murmured softly, ‘ Hydrophane !’
So, saucy girl, your secret's known,
And I now claim it as mine own ;
Come, come, acknowledge and confess
The reason of your earnestness !

Acknowledge that, when you essayed
To gain my love for him, afraid
That I might harbor such a thought,
You only, by your pleading, sought
To learn if I did wish or not
To share with him my future lot."

"Nay, 'twas not so!" Leonta cried,
Her tell-tale face in blushes dyed;
But, ere another word she said,
Ilpacia shook her queenly head
In disbelief; and went once more
And stood within the vine-clad door.
She scarce had reached her former place,
Before a radiance lit her face;
And crying out, with joyous love,
"My father comes!" Adown the grove
She tripped with lightly-falling feet
The aged Prophet thus to meet.

Leonta's features writhed in pain;
She placed one hand upon her brain;
Her heaving bosom rose and fell
Like ocean waves in restless swell;

The other hand she closely pressed
Upon her wildly-throbbing breast,
And thus she murmured forth in grief,
As long-pent anguish found relief :

“ Oh, why does Fate so bitter seem
To mock the tenor of my dream ?
Why hath Ilpacia everything
That happiness and pleasure bring,
Whilst I have naught but deepest night
Of hopelessness my life to blight ?

“ She scorns the love of Hydrophane,
Which I have struggled for in vain ;
She counts his worship but a jest,
And by his presence seems oppressed,
Whilst I would yield my very life
For one sweet hour to be his wife,
And know that he loved only me
With ardor and fidelity !

“ Yea, I could calmly fall asleep,
And, fearless, cross the waters deep
That fill the gulf that solemn lies
Between the earth and Paradise,

If I could, all my sorrows past,
Upon his bosom breathe my last !

“Well, well; some day he’ll wake and learn
How she his reverence doth spurn;
Some day he’ll kneel to me and plead
For passion from the first decreed !
Till then, my heart, be still and calm
And placid as a peaceful psalm;
Cease, cease thy fears, and rest assured
Thy crown of recompense secured,
Thou shalt not know one care or pain,
Caressed and loved by Hydrophane !”

CANTO III.

ANTHRASIA, THE SORCERESS.

THE words the Seer that morning spake
To Padriphon *did* impression make ;
He tried to scorn them down as vain,
Yet scorn was lost in sighs of pain ;
An anxious, undefined unrest
Rankled within his haughty breast,
And slightest incidents combined
To conjure evils to his mind ;
E'en in the midst of revelry
He heard the moaning of the sea,
And in the air his frightened eyes
Saw dreadful horrors constant rise !

Useless the task to find surcease
From mental anguish. Tranquil Peace
Forever seemed to have left his heart !
He saw the hours come—depart,

Slow, burdened with their weight of care ;
Dull hours, measured by Despair !
Till, goaded by his poignant fear,
That ever loomed up, ghastly, near,
He rose and started 'cross the isle,
And swiftly strode for mile on mile,
As if he sought some hidden spot,
Where dread of doom could haunt him not !

At length his weary feet did reach
To where a lakelet's waves their beach
With liquid lips of sweetness kissed—
Moist Cupids at their virgin-tryst.
Scarce had he gained the lakelet's shore
And watched the scene that oped before
His restless gaze, ere a woman's form
Rushed past his side in a quick alarm
And entered a cave that, yawning, lay
Only a few short steps away !

He gave pursuit ; but, at the cave,
That, frowning, seemed a gloomy grave,
A hissing serpent rose in wrath,
Opposing him upon his path !

Enraged, he seized a massive stone,
But ere 'twas hurled, a warning tone
Came from within :

“ Be still ! Be still !
Serpent, obey Anthrasia's will !”
Yet, heedlessly, he aimed the blow ;
Resistlessly the rock did go,
Cutting the air with whizzing sound,
And crushing the serpent to the ground !

Then a haggard, wild, forbidding face
Appeared within the open space ;
A face so tangled o'er with hair
'Twere hard to trace a feature there
Except the eyes, that, angry, shone
Upon the hurler of the stone ;
A withered, small and crouching form,
Bent like a sapling in a storm,
Upheld the face so gaunt and grim
Padriphon saw confronting him !
Long, bony fingers grasped the weeds
That screened the cave where secret deeds

Of mystery and art were done,
Known only to this ghostly one !

“Courageous act !” she, hissing, said,
“To creep up thus with noiseless tread
And strike my dearest treasure low !
Thou wilt repent it dearly, though ;
No man has yet escaped my hate,
For, be it early—be it late,
Anthrasia’s curse is sure to fall
On lowly hut and kingly hall !”

Then, speaking, Padriphon drew near
Unto the Creature, quaint and queer,
Who silent stood—as marble cold :
A form repulsive to behold !
“I did not deem the reptile thine,
And took its life to ransom mine ;
Had I not smitten him, why he
Might possibly have poisoned me ;
Yet, since I know ’twas dear to you,
I truly wish I could undo
The fatal, cruel, heartless deed,
For which I your forgiveness plead ;

Oh, Sorceress, dismiss your ire,
And grant the pardon I desire !”

She scanned him sternly for awhile,
And then her frown became a smile ;
She seemed to weigh his every word,
And then her answer, thus deferred,
Came forth in slow and measured breath,
And muffled as the voice of death :

“ Your words are fittingly applied,
And yet your action I must chide ;
I warned you, but you did not seem
My wish as anything to deem ;
Had you but paused until I came,
I would have magnified your name ;
I would have calmed my serpent’s wrath,
And made him vanish from your path ;
You have so rash and reckless been,
I should not thus forgive your sin,
Yet, your excuse I *will* accept !”

Thus speaking, from the cave she stopt,
And raised the reptile from the ground,
And like a girdle slowly wound,

So wild and grotesque was her taste,
The uncouth thing about her waist.
Then, turning to Padriphon, she
Inquired of him, imperiously,
What motive had impelled him there !

Padriphon told her of his care ;
His plans and schemes ; the prophecy
Of dreadful ills that were to be ;
And, anxious, asked her to explain
Whether or no his fears were vain ;
If Fate for him were not so dread
As what the Prophet's warning said ;
To tell him how to triumph o'er
The difficulties, vast, in store
Upon his journey to the crown ;
And how to put Kadrempa down.

Anthrasia made him no reply
Except to bid him linger nigh,
Until she should to him return,
And then the answer he should learn ;
Then, with a fierce, malignant glance,
That may have happened just by chance,

Or may have hinted of revenge—
So sharp, so swiftly weird and strange—
Upon her visitor, she sped
Adown her cavern, dark and dread !

Padriphon did not note that look,
But went within a shaded nook,
That, screened above by graceful boughs,
Seemed nature's place for love's soft vows,
And sinking to the velvet grass,
He waited what might come to pass.
Ah, well for him, if less engrossed
By larger ills that swayed him most,
He had but thought to mark the dire
And baleful look of smould'ring fire
That, like a mountain's curling smoke,
The restless volcano bespoke !

Anthrasia soon was met by One
Who asked her if the work were done
She had just placed within her hands ?
Anthrasia answered her demands
By giving her a vial filled
With liquid contents, slow distilled

From roots of herbs, and various things
Delved out in woodland wanderings.

As this she did, she coldly said :
“ To whom you give this you will wed ;
Padriphon you say you love, and yet
His love you strive in vain to get ;
Take this, Valeta ; 'tis a balm
That will your soul's deep anguish calm ;
Give unto him a drop or two,
And soon his heart will worship you !”

Valeta ? yes, the self-same maid
Who sprang from Padriphon, afraid
That he might recognize her face ;
For she was of the royal race ;
And if Padriphon should have known
That she had wandered there alone
In that wild spot, he might have guessed
The thing of which she was in quest,
Or, if not that, he might have told
The circumstance increased fourfold,
And thus have caused the Isle to name
Its Princess, with the sneer of shame !

Valeta was Kadrempa's child,
Of nature gentle, modest, mild ;
A flower growing 'mid the weeds
Of courtly crimes and evil deeds,
Untouched, untainted by their woes :
The human Image of the Rose !
So, when she Padriphon saw near,
She passed him by in sudden fear ;
Fear that compelled her to be brave,
And disappeared within the cave !

The Sorceress spake. Valeta sighed,
And, the vial taking, thus replied :
“ 'Tis true I've loved Padriphon long,
But do not deem such action wrong ;
For, though the daughter of the king,
I stoop not in my worshipping ;
He is of noble birth, and we,
If mated, would contented be ;
Yet, he is cold and hard of heart,
And his affections will not start
From the sealed fountain of his breast ;
My life seemed barren and unblest

Until I thought to come to you
And test the miracles you do !
This vial I will take with me,
And probe its boasted potency ;
If it but crown my hope with life,
And make me his beloved wife,
My thanks will fervent be and deep,
And riches I will on you heap !”

She left the cave, and speeding fast,
She soon by Padriphon had passed,
And, like the clouds do stars at night,
The distance screened her form from sight !
Anthrasia’s lips in scorn were wreathed :
“ The most innocent babes that ever
breathed,”

She sneering said, “ this witless twain !
He seeks my skill for selfish gain ;
She, swayed by gentler motives, tries
To prison Cupid as he flies ;
But both are caught within the net
Which for their heedless feet was set !
He did not think it worth his while
To shun my frown or court my smile,

But rashly chose the murd'rer's art
To wound Anthrasia to the heart !
I loved that serpent he has slain,
And I will curb his proud disdain ;
The vial which the doting girl
Obtained to give yon plotting churl,
Contains no liquid love ! She'll find
It poison of the subtlest kind !
So ! Let her give it him to drink,
And then, oh, then, I surely think
Revenge, so cherished and so sweet,
Will have been ample and complete !”

Anon she peered about a shelf,
The contents known but to herself,
And soon another vial drew,
From its recess, to nearer view.
Holding it up within the light,
Lo, it gleamed and glinted bright !
“Aye !” she said, and her voice was low,
“Now I will to the schemer go !”
She soon was by Padriphon's side,
Who quickly sprang to his feet and cried :

“At last returned ! I’ve waited long ;
Are my forebodings right or wrong ?”

“ The Seer was false,” Anthrasia said,
“ The crown *shall* rest upon your head !

’Twere folly to presume, I think,
Atlantis under sea will sink !

I see no ills in store for thee,
But only joys that are to be ;
Plan on, dream on, and trust to hope,
And with all intervention cope !

Fate deigns to give the brave success ;
The timid she will never bless !

Here is a vial ; it contains
A poison that will freeze the veins ;
Give to Kadrempa in his wine,
And o’er his corpse your crown will shine !”

He took the vial, to her bowed,
And fervent gratitude avowed,
Then left her standing there alone.

No sooner had he from her gone
Than forth she burst into a laugh :

“ Ah, King Kadrempa, you may quaff
As much of that as you desire.
It hath no poison’s fatal fire ;

It is but water, clear and pure,
But, Padriphon, your death is sure !
Valeta has the deadliest thing
That witchcraft can to surface bring ;
And she, poor child, so mad with love,
She will its power try to prove,
And with her own hands blindly deal
A blow that art can never heal !”

CANTO IV.

KADREMPA'S FEAST.

SHIFT we the scene to kingly halls,
Where Grandeur weaveth solemn palls
To shadow life's most godly moods,
With all the evils that it broods :
Pomp, Pride, Parade, and Splendor ; Hate ;
The vast and keen intrigues of State ;
Falsehood and Treachery and Lust,
And scorn of Faith and Truth and Trust,
And all the minor vices which
Beset the profligate and rich !

The hour was noon ; the fair day hung—
A pillar of light in splendor flung—
Pendant across the Gulf of Time
Empty and dark in its depths sublime.

Noon was the bridge in its central part,
Where mortals aweary and faint of heart
Could pause for awhile on th' arduous way
Of their upward round on the tour of day,
And shelter their forms from the sultry heat
'Neath the cover of trees in a cool retreat !
Or, like to a plain on a mountain's breast,
The noontide challenged repose and rest ;
For morning was up the mountain's side,
And only by labor well applied
Could the crest be reached where the level plain
Of the drowsy noon wooed slumber's reign ;
But the easy slope of the evening wound
From the mountain's peak to the valley-ground !
There on that plain could travellers stand
And gaze through the smiling evening-land,
Or stroll to the other side and view
The difficulties just passed through !
The path of morning upward lies
Unto the mountain's steepest rise ;
While that of evening glides below,
Whither the mountain shadows throw
A gloom o'er all the landscape bright :
The dusky mistiness of night !

'Twas noon, and from the palace came
A sound of revelry. For shame
A nation should be thus compelled,
By cruel serfdom bound and held,
To furnish means for such display,
And groan beneath a tyrant's sway !
A joyous throng were grouped within
The banquet-room, whence came the din.
The proudest nobles of the land,
Each summoned by the king's command,
Were sitting round a festal-board ;
Kind Royalty can well afford
To give such costly feasts and rare,
When it has not to buy the fare !

The richest products of the soil,
That ever blessed the farmer's toil ;
The richest trophies of the chase—
Found each upon the board a place ;
The richest juices of the vine
Did sparkle, gleam, and glow, and shine,
And added to the force and fire
Of words the moment did inspire !

Kadrempa called unto a slave :
“ Go to Maucerne, you homely knave,
And bid him swiftly come to me
And join our festive revelry !”
The slave obeyed, and Prince Maucerne
Came in, his father’s will to learn !

“ Maucerne, my son,” Kadrempa said,
As him before his friends he led,
“ This is a feast I’ve given you ;
Join us, and see what we may do ;
For ’tis the time decreed by fate
When you should reach to man’s estate.
My friends, behold your future King
When death me to the grave shall bring.”

The nobles then rose to their feet,
Their future monarch thus to greet ;
Each bowed his head ; but some were there
Who did no wealth of worship bear.
And over Padriphon’s face did steal
A scowl he could not well conceal ;
And, standing close to Padriphon’s side,
Almost his mate in scheming pride,

Aeoilas, Minister to the King,
A careless smile and bow did fling
Unto the Prince, who bowed to each
And thus replied in pleasant speech :

“ My noble father, thanks to thee
For kindnesses vouchsafed to me
Throughout the past ; and, doubly, now,
My gratitude I do avow
For this rich token of thy love,
Of which I hope to worthy prove !
And you, my friends, I trust to see
In many years that are to be,
As steadfast to your King and true,
As now ye stand within my view.”

Maucerne thus spake, and when he ceased,
Each noble present at the feast,
Upraised his glass of sparkling wine :
“ Long life, good Prince, to thee and thine,”
Responded they in kindly tone,
“ And may Kadrempa hold his throne
Till we be dead ; then, may it be
Our sons will be as true to thee !”

“ Hold, friends, hold !” said Padriphon then ;
And as he spake, so paused the men ;
“ Wouldst have our King prepare his glass ?
Nay ! such shall never come to pass !
With my own hands, I humbly think,
Should be prepared his royal drink !
Your Majesty,” and here he drew
His little vial into view ;
“ If I but place a drop of this
Within your wine, such matchless bliss
Will ne’er be yours again on earth !
Will you essay to test its worth ?”

Kadrema, with his merry heart,
Did not suspect the baser part
Of what Padriphon planned to do,
And did not sift his object through !
He bowed and smiled, and gayly said :
“ Now, blessings on thy faithful head !
Who but a loyal subject would
Thus think him of his monarch’s good ?
Yea, let *all* try the mixture odd,
And each a moment be a God !

Begin, good Padriphon, with thine own,
And let thy secret art be known !”

Padriphon, at this, was sore dismayed,
And o’er his face a pallor spread ;
Still, he held the vial slowly up,
And poured a little in his cup.
Then, in the King’s he poured much more
Than he had just in his before ;
And so the vial passed around
And soon lay empty on the ground.

Kadrempe raised his glass in air,
And, pausing, twirled it idly there ;
The others, also, raised their own,
But waited till his will be known !
Padriphon’s face was in a daze,
And indicated deep amaze ;
Whilst doubt and fear and vague unrest
Once more did rankle in his breast !

The King now ceased his twirling ; and,
With slender, white and comely hand,

The nectar placed unto his lips,
And drank it down in dainty sips.
The others quickly did likewise ;
And Padriphon, then, in great surprise,
Observed that nothing did take place
That should not such occasions grace,
And wildly gazing on each one
To note what damage he had done,
He saw his plot had come to naught,
And had not gained him what he sought ;
He heard the ocean sobbing loud,
And saw the surging billows crowd
Around the room—without, within,
Making a vast and deaf'ning din ;
And bony fingers grasped at him,
Whilst all his senses seemed to swim !
Yet, deep within his soul he swore
Anthrasia, false, should live no more.

CANTO V.

HYDROPHANE, THE DWARF.

HARP of the woods ! I know thee well,
But pen or tongue can never tell
The rare, wild music of thy strain :
Half, happiness supreme—half, pain.
No eye hath marked thy shape, or seen
Concealed in space, the sylvan queen
Extend her tapering, snow-white hand
And flood with harmony the land !

The tall trees stand so solemnly,
And like grim spectres seem to be :
Anon, the soft wind rustles by
And o'er them breathes its saddened sigh ;
Then, quick responsive, every leaf
Gives forth an echo to its grief,
The weird sounds floating through the air ;
Surely, some hidden hand is there,

Unknown, unseen ; but strangely sweet
The melody it doth repeat !

Behold a forest ; sunbeams glance
But illy through its silent haunts ;
Yet, in a nook, deep hidden here
From strife or toil, two men appear.
One resting on the sward, we see,
The other leans against a tree.
First, the Prince Maucerne ; his friend
Is Elephois, in whom doth blend
In equal parts, the hero and
The villain, consummate and grand.

Tall, stalwart-limbed ; of motion quick ;
Ne'er at a loss what words to speak ;
With large, expressive eyes of blue,
That seem to pierce one through and through ;
A massive head, and light-brown hair,
With features sinister, though fair ;
A devil's strength is in his arm ;
A devil's heart beats in his form ;
A devil's wit is in his brain,
And still, through all, there runs a vein

Of purer ore, though blurred and dim,
Not sought nor tested, yet, by him !

The Prince is languid, listless ; and
A profligate ; a woman's hand
Might hold more firm resolve than his ;
His mind is good—such as it is ;
But all his nature, stunted, dwarfed,
At higher aims has ever scoffed ;
His passion is to him a curse !
Sensuous, he ; indeed, far worse !
His whole ambition seems to flower
In sinful pleasures of an hour ;
His vile, low senses chain him fast
In links of bondage, forged to last !
Plucking a daisy's leaves apart,
Just as he would a woman's heart
Which he esteemed an idle toy,
The Prince looks up to Elephois :

“ You say you own a subtle power
Over this dainty woodland flower ? ”

“Your question, Prince, implies a doubt
Of what your subject is about ;
Suspicion weak does but disgrace you,
For, true it is, I rule Ilpacia !”

“Wonder not, friend, at my alarm ;
Because great apprehensions swarm
Within me, lest, by some false move,
Your plans may but a failure prove !”

“How *can* they fail ? her father’s old
And weak and childish, I am told ;
No other person’s on the place
Whom I should fear to bravely face ;
A handmaid’s there ; but then, you know,
’Twill serve us better that ’tis so !”

“A handmaid ?” cried the Prince, “well, now,
That is most fortunate, I vow ;
Pray paint her form and face to me,
And let us of her merit see !”

The other, then, began to paint
Leonta’s form without a taint ;

Leonta's dark, impassioned face,
With beauty in its every trace.

“ Hold !” cried the Prince, “ you'll set me wild
With the rare charms of this forest-child ;
My will's already more aroused
To perfect what I have espoused ;
But, let Leonta quiet rest :
Ilpacia hath my soul possessed !”

“ True, Prince,” responded Elephois,
“ Ilpacia doth your thoughts employ ;
And well she may, for ne'er before
Has such a woman graced our shore ;
She's well equipped—and only she,
To be a—well, a—*queen*—to thee !”

“ Yes, Elephois, I long have thought
That true ; and long have sought
To find a way to capture her.
But accidents my hopes defer.
I lie awake at night and dream,
And, in those dreams, to me doth seem

She comes to rest ; her dainty head
Upon my bosom finds a bed ;
Nestles her tiny form to mine
In ecstasy of love divine ;
But, when, o'ercome with much delight,
My senses waken in the night,
I hold my hands to space and find
Her form a fancy of my mind !
I watch her in her woodland home,
And as she through the Isle doth roam ;
Her coldness doth my ardor whet,
But I tell my passions, ' Down ; not yet !'
' Down ; not yet !' 'Twas thus I said ;
Yet now 'tis ' Up ; 'tis time !' instead !"

He arose from the ground, excited ; in rage,
Like a prisoned beast beating 'gainst its cage,
He strode to and fro, 'neath the trees ; his friend
Waited for fever and wrath to end !

" Zounds !" he exclaimed ; "'tis a pretty to-do
When a Prince for affection has to wait and woo ;
'Tis childish in me to be balked by a whim !"

“Of conscience?” said Elephois.

“No; that’s dim!”

“Of honor?”

“No; where’s the honor, I ask,
Can possibly hide ’neath imperial mask?”

“Morality?”

“No; that’s a thing scarcely known
To the man who is born to inherit a throne!”

“Then, what is this power that shackles you
down?

Is it fear of the popular anger and frown?”

“No! ’Tis Ilpacia, herself, whose actions say
nay;

’Tis the obstacle chastity’s placed in my way!”

“Bah! Why should you quail ’neath her inno-
cent eyes,

And the soft flush of purity her pale forehead
dyes?”

“ Yes, why ? Am I not Prince ? Can she not see
What she will gain by her yielding to me ? ”

“ Dear Prince,” said Elephois, “ harken to this :
That mission of mine cannot wander amiss.
I will go unto her, and persuade her to flee
From father and home and journey with me ;
Then, when I have hidden her far from her
friends,
Her smiles for your troubles will make full
amends !

I *can* do this for you, for blind would I be
If I could not perceive her mad worship of me !
But I ask, in return, that you promise me, here,
Above all your friends to esteem me most dear ;
When your father be dead and the grave claims
its own,

To give me the highest place next to the throne !
To set old Aeoilas, the minister, aside,
And give me his place and his pomp and his pride ! ”

“ Agreed ! ” cried the Prince, “ I extend you my
hand,
And will make you the proudest and best in the
land ;

I will make you the richest, and, next unto me,
Every knee in Atlantis shall bow unto thee !”

“ Well, then,” said the other, “ the compact is
made,
And fulfilment thereof should not long be de-
layed.
Come, now, let us hie to the palace again,
And dream of our glory when Maucerne shall
reign !”

Anon, they were gone ; then the form of a youth,
In outward appearances rough and uncouth,
Came forth from the shadows, where, closely con-
cealed,
He had heard their foul plottings so fully re-
vealed.

Unfortunate creature ! A dwarf from his birth,
A thing to be twitted and pitied on earth ;
Scarcely five feet in height, with his shoulders
humped o’er,
His condition was one for kind men to deplore ;

But the heedless and thoughtless all mocked in
disdain

The diminutive stature of poor Hydrophane !
As if 'twas his fault that his stature was small ;
As if 'twas his due—to be laughed at by all !

Ah, these brainless detractors are foolish and
blind

When they think that the body's an index to the
mind,

For indeed there are pigmies whose minds are so
deep

That giants can enter and lie down to sleep !
And giants there are whose minds are so small
That pigmies can never get in them at all !

Hydrophane's face was as dark as a storm,
And a whirlwind of fury swept over his form ;
He clenched his tough hand and he shook it at
space

As though he were smiting an enemy's face :

“ Ha ! you wolves that you are, you lay snares
for the sheep,

But know the *true* Shepherd is never asleep ! ”

CANTO VI.

CELION.

AEOILAS, Prime Minister, rested in state,
On his soft-cushioned divan, and lectured
of Fate.

“Here am I,” said he proudly, “by personal
sense,
Surrounded by luxury, and that influence
Which comes from communion with kings, and
the like ;
And the knowledge of what, when, and how I
must strike !
Prate to me about chance, or of being decreed ;
Man is his *own* best adviser, indeed !
Prate to me about Jupiter, gods, and all that,
'Tis a fraudulent story, deceptive and flat !

All this around me *I* have achieved,
Those who think otherwise sure are deceived !
Speak to me, Celion, my daughter, and say
If any but *I* could have risen this way !”

Celion approached, at her father’s command,
Knelt by his side, and, caressing his hand,
While her large hazel eyes looked up to his own,
Thus answered his words in her musical tone :

“My father, none other than you could have won
Such honor and glory as yourself hath done.
No other than you could have risen so high
That only the king may your power defy !”

Pleased with this answer, Aeoilas smiled down
On the face of his daughter, the pride and the
crown

Of his old years ; his wife, long ago,
Had vanished—whither he did not know.
He did not believe in the life of the soul,
But thought that the grave ever swallowed up all.

Stroking her cheeks in affectionate way,
Just as all fathers are doing to-day,

He felt, in a quiet and tranquil delight,
His daughter's perception and judgment were
right.

His vanity pleased him; his daughter's quick art
Had found the most accurate key to his heart.
All men have their foibles; Aeoilas, therefore,
Was not behind others on this special score.
Some men there are, truly, whom nothing can
raise

Half so high in delight as a good round of praise.
They love Self so well that, before they will pause
To go behind effect and get at the cause,
They accept every flattering word that they hear
As a proof that the speaker's precision is clear;
Ere long, this propensity persisted much in
Becomes a dread Passion—a curse and a sin;
Gauging personal merits by false self-conceit,
They expect recognition from all they may meet,
Giving love to those yielding to their estimate,
And to those who think otherwise coldness and
hate.

Having lifted his hand to her lips in her pride,
Celion was just rising up from his side,

When a footstep was heard, and gazing around,
With a glance half dismay, she Padriphon found,
Who had silently entered their presence, and
stood

As impassive and still as if carved out of wood.
Surmising, at once, that herself would not add
To the theme of the interview soon to be had,
She hastened away that the two might be free
To discuss whatever their topic might be !
Padriphon was of few words ; so he spake
Briefly—concisely—the point he would make :

“ Aeoilas ! This morning a thing I did hear,
Which, I confess it, astonished mine ear ;
'Tis this,” revealed Padriphon ; “ the Prince has
conspired

To effect what young Elephois long has desired ;
This morning young Hydrophane heard the twain
plot

That long, as Prime Minister, you should be not ;
If Elephois managed to gain for Maucerne
The woman for whom his rude passions did yearn,
He, Elephois, should be placed in your stead,
Whenever the old King, Kadrempa, be dead !

So you see that Ambition may urge the two on
Till the latter be slain, and your glory gone."

"Where is this dwarf?" the Prime Minister,
then,
Inquired in a way that showed terror and pain.

"Here!" replied Padriphon, whose voice was
scarce o'er,
When the form of the dwarf flitted in at the
door.

"Come hither, tell all," spake Aeoilas, "you
heard
From the Prince and his friend; look well to
each word;
If caught in a falsehood, know this, to begin,
Your life shall be taken away for your sin."

Then Hydrophane spake, telling all that he knew;
The Minister sifted his evidence through,
And at last turned away with satirical smile,
Saying, "Go! You may leave us, good sir, for
awhile!"

Hydrophane bowed, and left the room as he
came,

Convinced he had shielded Ilpacia from shame ;
Filled with the danger attending her case,
He had gone to Padriphon ; with earnest face
Had related to him the scene in the wood
And asked him to shelter a virgin so good ;
He knew that this man was her uncle ; he knew
That, alone and unaided, he could master the
two ;

And Padriphon shrewdly and cunningly saw
Much assistance from this to himself he could
draw.

So he went to Aeoilas, telling the tale,
Hoping it would on his credence prevail.

“ What think you of that ? ” in a satisfied way,
The intriguing Padriphon eager did say.

“ The dwarf,” said the other, “ and you I must
thank ;

It signifies danger to me and my rank ;
And now I must think how the thing may be
met,

And the growing conspiracy quickly upset ! ”

“ ’Tis easily done,” exclaimed Padriphon, then,
Hasting, forthwith, his design to explain ;

“ You have your power and friends ; I have
mine ;

Matchless were we should our forces combine ;

If *I* were *King*, now, you ever should be

Minister, friend and companion to me.

I much love your daughter ; an angel, I ween ;

Consent, and I make her my wife and my
queen !”

Aeoilas gazed on him a moment ; then cried :

“ Celion !” His daughter came quick to his
side.

She saw, in a trice, from his shadow-girt face

That something important had gone out of
place ;

What was it, exactly, she could not surmise,

And she glanced up, inquiringly, into his eyes.

“ Padriphon, here, has at last found his heart,

And says *you* have captured it, dear, by your
art ;

He asks for your love and he sues for your
hand !”

Now all this was not what Padriphon planned,
Yet, he took the hint bravely, and ardently
prayed

That her answer be “Yes,” and not too long
delayed.

Celion looked, then, at his proud, haughty face
That seemed to her gifted with new, sudden
grace ;

Next, looked at her father ; from thence to the
floor ;

While deep crimson mantled her fine features
o'er.

A form like a fairy, so sylphlike and light ;

A face like a seraph's, so holy and bright ;

Long, glossy tresses waved down to her waist :

No reason had Padriphon to question his haste.

“Why do you not answer?” said Aeoilas ; and
Celion extended her delicate hand.

“Take it,” she said, in her happiest mood,

And this was the style in which Padriphon
wooed !

“Now, you see,” remarked he, “that your
daughter agrees;
And you can accept my proposal with ease;
What say you, Aeoilas? So keen and so wise;
Your constant success is a thing of surprise;
Shall you tamely sit down and be mocked to
your face,
Whilst another climbs up, like a snake, to your
place?”

This was a home-thrust. Aeoilas replied:
“My influence, Padriphon, is mighty and wide;
Yours, of itself, is a powerful thing;
So, if together our forces we bring,
Who shall gainsay us, or hinder our path?
Who shall oppose us, or challenge our wrath?
As Celion has settled this question for both,
I will, e’en as *she* has, now plight you *my* troth!”

CANTO VII.

LEONTA'S SACRIFICE.

STANDING beside a purling stream,
Silent as if in love's young dream,
Deep in the forest's tranquil shade,
Behold Ilpacia ; truant maid !
Ever and anon, she looks around
As some noise mars the calm profound ;
Anxious she seems, yet strangely still !
Half-brave, half-timid, her gentle will
Seems scarcely framed to stay or run !
And thus she waits some coming one.

Suddenly, the silence deep is stirred ;
A quick, strong, eager step is heard,
And presently the bushes part ;
Ilpacia turns, with raptured start,

And, with her face in blushes dyed,
She springs to the intruder's side ;
One single word she speaks, for joy,
And that one word is :

“Elephois !”

“Yea, maiden fair,” said Elephois,
“’Tis I—though not here to annoy
Or mar your peace ; your hand ;
Thanks ! Here, as I stand,
I plight eternal troth to thee ;
A deathless, firm fidelity !

“Ilpacia, I have told thee, oft before,
How that thyself I did adore ;
I can but say, as I did then,
I love ! let not that love be vain.
I love thee ! by yon sturdy oak
That hath withstood the tempest-stroke
And flight of years, I love thee ;
By the bright skies that smile above thee ;
By the rippling streamlet at your feet ;
By all that's pure on earth we meet,

By life itself, I love thee ! hearken how
The woodland echòes back my vow,
I love thee !”

“ Elephois, I hear thee !
And thus as I do nestle near thee,
Accept my action as a fitting sign
That I for life, for death—am thine !
I fear no ill, depending on thy arm ;
I feel secure from each impending harm ;
I feel life doubly-sweet, when thus I know
That thou dost love Ilpacia so !”

At these words, breathing so much trust,
Elephois’ heart inclined him to be just ;
But soon the phantom of a Premier’s state
Bade him be firm and not procrastinate ;
So, casting to the winds his scruples, since
Ambition urged him to obey the Prince,
He hastened to the object he would gain,
And thus replied, in soft, seductive strain :

“ Ilpacia, thou know’st me well ; how I
For you would toil, would strive, would die ;

Thou know'st my heart ; my wishes are
That thou wouldst fly with me afar ;
Nay, do not start ! be calm, and see
The future I would paint for thee !
In some secluded spot like this,
We'd pass our days in endless bliss !
Loving each other, with a steadfast mind,
The world and all its troubles cast behind,
Husband and wife, our lives shall be
One sweet, continued melody !
Then, come with me ! this hour, come ;
Let's hie us to our happy home !''

Startled, Ilpacia drew back in surprise ;
A look of amazement welled up in her eyes ;
And she, waving Elephois off with her hand,
Exclaimed, with impatient, impassioned demand :

''But what of my father ? Think you I would fly
And leave my dear parent to suffer, whilst I
May revel in happiness all the day long ?
Nay, sir, that were indeed too wrong
For so faithful a daughter as I am to do ;
Forgive me ! I cannot forsake him for you !''

“Nay, listen, Ilpacia ! Your father does not
Object to you sharing my fortune and lot ;
I’ve enough and to spare ; become only my bride,
And your father shall ever be close by your side ;
He shall take up his dwelling with us ; and fair
Peace
Shall hallow his steps to life’s final release.
So, come with me, loved one, nor longer delay :
Let doubt not induce you to answer me nay !”

Only a moment, Ilpacia’s blue eyes
Gazed firm into his, as does one who defies ;
Then slowly they drooped ; then were lifted
again,
Then her voice broke the silence, in silvery strain :

“My life and my love, you are noble and true ;
I have only one wish : to be ever with you !”

Then Elephois crossed the green sward ; then he
took
In his arms the fair form, and stept over the
brook ;

The brook that had murmured, unceasing, its song,
Unheeding the twain as it babbled along ;
The brook that, too busy with its own destined
plan,
Had no leisure to listen to woman or man.

While strolling through the woody land,
His sturdy weapon in his hand,
Maucerne, returning from the chase,
With wearied look and languid pace,
Caught glimpses through the tangled mass
Of bushes, vines and waving grass,
Of man and maiden walking there,
A picture that to him was fair.
He paused awhile, then onward stept,
O'er gnarled logs climbed, through tangles crept,
Until he nearer to them drew,
And got a better, stronger view !
Upon a hillock's top he stood,
And called as loudly as he could
Unto the couple ; him they heard,
And at the sound of his first word,
They turned and gazed upon him ; he
Thrice waved his hand ; then, speedily,

Toward them journeyed on and on,
And, ere a moment's time was gone,
Stood by their side. He knew them, then;
One, victim for his slaughter-pen,
The other, facile, easy tool,
Whom he had power and tact to rule !

“Elephois,” he said, “well met ; well met !”
“You shall be Premier,” he whispered, “yet !”
Ilpacia blushed ; she knew the Prince
At sight, but not familiar ; hence,
In bashful silence did she stand,
Until the young Prince touched her hand,
And gave her greeting ; feeding on
Her cheeks, rose-tinted as the dawn,
Absorbing in one raptured, eager glance,
Each feature her ripe beauty did enhance.
Beneath a large oak's spreading shade,
Within a mossy-bedded glade,
They sat them down ; the Prince in joy
At the grand success of Elephois !

In the meantime, anxious Hydrophane,
With heart o'ercharged with grief and pain

At his vain suit, as oft before
Had entered in the Prophet's door,
But found Leonta, only, there !
Filled with a sudden, bitter fear
About Ilpacia, he asked for her.
Leonta smiled, but did not stir
From her work ; 'twere hard, indeed, to find
How Ilpacia did absorb his mind,
When she, Leonta, loved so well !
She said : " I trow she's in the dell !"
Scarce listened he, when off he ran :
" Bah !" sneered Leonta, " crazy man !"
Then laughed, then sang a bit, then sighed,
Then, woman-like, sat down and cried !

Through the wild woods went Hydrophane ;
O'er hill, through vale, o'er hill again ;
Through brier and brush and clustered vine ;
Still keeping, strange, the direct line
To where the Prince and Elephois,
Like wolves were planning to destroy
The lamb within their grasp, nor knew
The trusty shepherd did pursue !

Guided by Love's unerring sight,
Hydrophane's course had been the right.
Noiseless he sprang upon the two,
Rememb'ring what they planned to do,
And ere they rallied from their daze,
In his maddened energy and craze,
He clutched the Prince's weapon, and,
Like a giant, wrenched it from his hand !
The Prince had barely time to know
Who it was thus attacking so,
When the dwarf upraised the battle-axe
And laid him lifeless in his tracks !

Swift as a flash he aimed a blow
Upon his other startled foe.
The aim was good ; upon the chest,
Hewing a gash upon the breast,
The blow fell ; faint and bleeding,
Sense and sight alike receding,
Yet, hearing dimly a woman's cry,
Elephois sank, but not to die !

Turning upon the dwarf, the girl
At him did fierce invectives hurl,

Bidding him tell, if tell he could,
The reason of his murd'rous mood.

He told her the plottings he had heard,
He told to her their every word ;
He showed as plain as plain could be
Their cunning schemes and deviltry ;
He told her all he well could tell,
And yet upon the ground she fell,
Stanching the wound as best she could
Of him she thought so truly good !

“ Come,” said the dwarf ; “ Ilpacia, rise ;
Some day, when you're more worldly-wise,
You will realize, though you cannot yet,
You owe to me, not hate, but a debt !
Though you curse me now, I'll watch and wait
And leave it all to the hand of Fate.
Come, let us go to your father, child !”
She raised to him a face so wild
He knew it not !

“ Be still,” she said,
“ Leave me alone with the dying and dead !

And if you've aught of human mould
Hie thee away to my father old—
My gray-haired father ; bring him here,
Quick, ere the damp of death appear !”

Quick sprang the dwarf, and away he flew ;
But soon returning came in view,
Followed by the Prophet with slower speed,
Shadowed with shame at the very need
That he should be called for such a cause ;
Yet, urged by nature's vengeful laws,
Determined to slay the wicked man
Who'd thought of his daughter with such a plan.
On, on they came, and Ilpacia rose,
On her father's bosom to vent her woes,
But he shoved her aside and rushed to the form
Of him who had plotted his daughter's harm.
With a blow he could kill him as he lay,
Crippled and maimed, a helpless prey !

But just at that moment Elephois woke
From his stupor, and then, in a feeble voice,
spoke :

“What was the matter? The dwarf! Why did he
Assail so remorselessly Maucerne and me?”

The Prophet bent down and hissed low in his ear :

“ ’Tis I, mighty Premier ! I, the old Seer ! ”

Elephois acted well.

“ Premier ? ” questioned he,

“ What means such a title of rank given me ? ”

Then the dwarf whispered to him and told him
of all,

And yet to no purpose his words seemed to fall,

For Elephois stoutly and strongly averred

’Twas all a mistake, every letter and word.

Next, Ilpacia began to weep and implore

Her father to stanch up the wound ; nay, more,

Like a woman confiding and faithful, she prayed

Her father to help take him home ! He obeyed.

Knowing well how to do it, he bandaged the
wound,

And he and the dwarf lifted up from the ground

The false Elephois ; through the woods did they
roam,

And carried him safe to the Prophet’s own home.

Such is the heart of woman ; her faith is so true,
She loves on—she trusts on—spite of all man
may do !

Into the Prophet's home young Elephois they
bore,

And spread for him a pallet on the floor.
Leonta learns the dreadful news, and then
Begins to think of saving Hydrophane
From the king's fierce wrath. Unnoticed, she
Passed from the chamber noiselessly,
And plucking from its stem a flower,
As white and pure as a virgin's dower,
She quickly made a liquid ; then
She called aloud for Hydrophane.

Unquestioning he drank. The poppy ran,
A sluggish stream, into each vein,
And soon he yielded to repose.
Then from his side Leonta goes
And drags his body to a hiding-place,
Where she secretes him, leaving not a trace !
Next, into her own little room she hies,
And robes herself in perfect, full disguise ;

E'en to the hump upon his shoulders, she
Looked as the dwarf was wont to be.
This done, and satisfied no eyes
Her cunning secret could surmise,
Swift as the wind she speeds away
To sacrifice herself to Love that day !
As she neared the palace, there was much ado ;
The reason of the tumult well she knew :
Some straggler, stumbling thro' the forest ground,
The Prince's mutilated corpse had found.

On, on she ran ; into the palace great
She entered ; there he lay in state.
Nobles were grouped about, and they
Vowed that his murd'rer they would slay.

“ Hold ! ” said Leonta, ghastly pale,
Although her spirit did not quail ;
“ Hold ! ” said Leonta.

“ Know I, Hydrophane,
The young Maucerne, the Prince, have slain !
Do with me as you will ! I here^{*}
Stand boldly, knowing naught of fear !

I slew Maucerne ; he did deserve his fate ;
I pay the forfeit, and your will await !”

Scarce had she finished, when a dozen men
Rushed to slay her as she stood ; but then
The king, Kadrempa, bade them do no more
Than chain her to the dungeon floor.

“Away !” he said, “ unto the dungeon bare,
And chain him safely and securely there ;
He shall not die an easy, peaceful death,
For pain shall follow each expiring breath ;
All shall learn, then, what crime it is to slay
A king’s son in this murd’rous way !”

CANTO VIII.

THE KING AND THE DWARF.

PEERING down the vale of time, that night,
The Prophet saw a vision wondrous bright :
His brother Padriphon was king,
And the island with his praise did ring ;
But, suddenly, the scene grew dark.
The praises hushed ; and, as he listened, hark,
From the distance, came a jarring sound ;
He felt the quiver and the tremble of the ground !
Then, the scene once more was bright and grand ;
His brother held a sceptre in his hand,
And on his head a crown. Then, lo,
From mid-air, a voice that bade him go
And fashion out a boat to float on water,
And take himself and friends and daughter
From the isle. Its end had come !
The shadow of impending doom

Was soon to fall ! He heard no more,
The voice was stilled—the vision o'er !
At early dawn, the Prophet called his child,
And told to her the warning, strange and wild ;
Next called Leonta ; but she answered not !
Came Hydrophane, in her stead, to the spot.

The opiate's effect had all now passed away,
And the dwarf, when asked, had this advice to
say :

“ This boat, oh, Prophet, must be quickly made ;
Perhaps we have, e'en now, too long delayed !
You know the plans ; just tell me what to do ;
We'll have it ready in a week or two.”

Then spake the Prophet :

“ We must labor fast,
Our time is shortened, and our project vast !”

Then, following his instructions, Hydrophane
Began to labor, with his might and main.
The Prophet, too, with energetic heart,
Lacked much of playing the dull sluggard's part.

Ilpacia, having nothing else to do,
Sat down within the door, their work to view ;
And Elephois lay resting from his pain,
His purer nature struggling to the front again !

After the labor had progressed apace,
Ilpacia's dainty, beatific face
Put on a look of startled fear, and she
Sprang up, and questioned most impatiently :

“ Leonta ! Where is she, to-day ?
I never knew her thus, before, to stay
So long from home ! Something is wrong,
Or she'd not be away so long !
She is not in the house ; nor here ;
Nor when I called for her did she appear ! ”

A sudden calm seized Hydrophane ;
He ceased his work, and thro' his brain
Faint mem'ries of Leonta and
The drink she gave him from her hand
Began to flit ; and soon he almost knew
With the girl's absence he had much to do.

The Prophet ceased *his* work ; for he
Resolved to ferret out this mystery.
Calling his symbols and his art to aid,
He soon this strange announcement made :

“ If you would see Leonta more,
Go look upon the dungeon-floor ;
Last eve, the sheen of palace-halls,
To-day, the gloom of prison-walls ! ”

“ What does it mean ? ” with tearful eyes,
Ilpacia asked, in dread surprise.

“ What does it mean ? ” she said, when lo,
Hydrophane, in tones of bitter woe,
Replied :

“ It means—it means—that she
Has martyred her pure self for me.

I see it plainly—plainly, now !

The only wonder to my mind is how

I ever came to drink the stuff

She gave me ! But I’ve said enough ;

I fly to save her ! Having me,

They can’t refuse to set her free !

Hope, as I hope, I will not be too late
To shield her from so harsh and undeserved a
fate !”

He turned, as he finished, and soon was gone ;
Ilpacia stood, weeping, but the Prophet toiled
on !

The dwarf reached the Palace ; he entered the
door,
And soon King Kadrempa he knelt before !

“ What, ho !” said the King, “ are you come
again ?

I thought you were bound with a sunderless
chain !”

“ I beg pardon, your Majesty,” calmly he said,
“ You have imprisoned a young girl instead
Of the true slayer of Maucerne ;
I am he ; and I ask that you turn
The young girl loose ; let her go free !
Let the full penalty fall upon me !”

Scarce had he spake, when the King began
To conjure in his mind a malevolent plan
To work out his vengeance.

“Nay,” he replied,
“You shall *both* pay the penalty, side by side ;
This girl would have saved you ; but you, having
 come,
Will be punished more keenly by seeing her
 doom.
I’ve no doubt that you love her ; and so I will
 be
Fully avenged, oh, Maucerne, *now*, for thee !”

“But hold ! gracious King, I am willing to die,
But the young girl is innocent ! Then, oh, why
Wilt thou slay her for naught ? Let her go free.
Let the penalty fall *alone* upon me !”

But the King answered :

“Nay ; you must suffer the pain
I suffered, when Maucerne, my son, was slain !
Is she innocent ? So was he ! Then the shame
Of this girl’s death is on thee, and the blame

Upon you, alike, shall fall ! Speak no more !
It is useless my clemency to implore !
My purpose is fixed ; this is all I can say :
Away to the murderer's cell, away !''

The news of Maucerne's death spread every-
where,
And Padriphon to Aeoilas swift did repair,
Thinking, perchance, as the Prince was no more,
Aeoilas, their project, perhaps, would give o'er.

Now, that the Prince *was* dead, indeed,
Aeoilas felt not the pressing need
Of haste or hurry ; although not inclined
To banish the project fore'er from his mind ;
For all that he wanted to rouse him anew
Was for Padriphon to hold up past slightings to
view
He'd received from the King !

Vowed Aeoilas, again,
Their plighted allegiance, as't stood, should re-
main ;

Vowed Aeoilas, again, as he felt the old sting
Of wounded conceit, Padriphon should be King!

Then Padriphon and he, as a unit, worked on,
Secretly, quietly, when daylight was gone,
Until they had gained an invincible band
Who were willing to accomplish their ev'ry com-
mand ;

All things were now ready for the blow to be
aimed :

Naught left undone ; e'en the time had been
named !

CANTO IX.

THE NEW KING.

A MONTH has slowly passed. Day after day
The Prophet toiled in an assiduous way,
Till now the race with time is almost won,
And the boat but little lacks of being done.
E'en Elephois is nearly strong and well,
Thanks to Ilpacia's careful skill ;
His evil nature has succumbed to good,
Thanks to the contact with Ilpacia's mood ;
Indeed, young Elephois, if nothing be said more,
Sincerely loves, as he ne'er loved before !
For oh, Ilpacia, with thy artless art,
Thou hast, at last, securely won his heart,
And roused within his soul emotions strong
Of love for noble deeds and hate for wrong ;
Full well art thou repaid for thy true love,
For, in the future, he will worthy prove !

Within the dungeon, this eventful day,
Chained to the floor, poor Hydrophane doth lay,
Moodily pondering sad Leonta's fate,
And loving her, alas, when all too late !
Yes, born within those dungeon walls, a love,
Firm and changeless as the stars above,
Has swept his heart for her. Leonta's face
Seems gifted with a fairer grace
To him, than e'er before on earth,
For he has just found out her worth !

The love he bore Ilpacia was but snow
That melted 'neath this love's tropic glow ;
Yet, now that he has learned to love her so,
That knowledge comes in shrouded woe ;
Since dungeon walls do intervene
'Twixt him and his imprisoned queen !

A sudden noise is heard ; the grating lock
Breaks on his ear with an angry shock ;
Slowly the heavy door opes wide,
And the sunlight streams in silver tide
Over the cell, and the dark, damp room
Is robbed of much of its noxious gloom !

Within the door, the keeper stands ;
Sooty his face and brown his hands ;
Stalwart, and strong as many men ;
To struggle with him were contest vain.

He crossed to the prisoner's side ; unwound
The chain that him so firmly bound,
And bade him rise and follow quick,
As the king desired with him to speak.
Then Hydrophane essayed to rise,
But found, to his acute surprise,
His limbs so fettered down had been,
To walk he scarcely could begin !
“ Lean on my arm,” the keeper smiled,
“ You are nearly helpless as a child.”
Each step they took increased his strength,
And when they reached the king, at length,
The dwarf could hold himself erect,
To meet the doom he did expect !

Glancing around the crowded hall,
Upon another dwarf his eyes did fall !
For poor Leonta had not changed attire,
Although to dress anew was her desire ;

King, Queen, and Princess, each, alike decreed
She should not have the things of which she
stood in need,

And so, in her disguise she stood arrayed,
A dwarf in form, and yet, in face, a maid !
Poor girl ! Her face was pale and thin,
So bitter had her suffering been ;
For she had learned that Hydrophane
Had tried to save her, but in vain ;
Had heard, with slow and bated breath,
How both, alike, were doomed to death !

Observing her, poor Hydrophane, in grief,
Towards her sprang, as if to give relief,
But the keeper interposed his sturdy grasp,
And held him passive in his iron clasp !
Seeing the dwarf, the King did cry :
“ Bring forth the axe, and let them die ! ”
“ Your majesty,” said Hydrophane,
Contracting his lips in bitter pain,
“ Let us converse awhile, before
Thou send us to the unknown shore ! ”
“ Nay,” said the King ; “ that cannot be !
This is *one* pang I’ve planned for thee ;

And *this*, another ! With your own hands,
Thou shalt slay the maiden as she stands !”

At this Leonta cried aloud,
And Hydrophane in frenzy vowed
He would not do it.

“ Hear, oh, King !
Bring all the torments you can bring ;
Heap them on me ! I prefer them all
Than have Leonta by my hand fall !”

“ Ha !” said Kadrempa ; “ defiant, then !
I will see that you do it ! Seize him, men,
Place the axe in his hand, direct the blow,
And *make* him strike the maiden low !
For know, oh heartless, murd’rous man,
Revenge hath fashioned out this plan !”

“ Never !” said Hydrophane, and strove
Awhile with almost the strength of Jove ;
But numbers conquered ; they pulled him o’er
The polished alabaster floor,
Gave him the axe, and seized his arm ;

When, lo, a cry of wild alarm
Burst from the crowd within—without,
And all was turmoil, confusion, rout ;
A thousand armed men rushing in,
With clank and clang and deaf'ning din !

One fierce, brief struggle, then all was still ;
The intruders had worked out their will ;
Kadrempa darted from his throne,
Aiming to flee. His friends had flown,
And he scarce took a step when he
Followed his son to eternity !

Then, amid a fresh clamor of weapon and tongue,
Up, up to the throne a giant form sprung !
Seating himself, he called loudly for peace,
And presently noise and confusion did cease !
'Twas Padriphon, now, who sat on the throne,
In majestical dignity ; all could but own
Him a right royal sovereign at best ;
Padriphon, all his ambition at rest,
Sat there, determined to make them a king,
Worthy a subject's worshipping !

And yet, in his heart, there began to ignite
The sparks that would soon into flame circle
 bright,
The sparks and the embers of the olden-time
 wrath
Against Anthrasia, the witch, who'd obstructed
 his path !
As the tumult subsided, half-rising, he said :
“ Noble Premier, let our first Proclamation be
 read ! ”

Then, Aeoilas, from parchment he held in his
 hand,
Read Padriphon's first imperial command ;
It was prefaced with hate, but it ended in love,
For Padriphon's cunning had prompted this
 move :

“ Anthrasia, the Sorceress, we say, must die !
Nor any one ask the reason why !
Let the recent Queen and the Princess go free,
And Aeoilas, the Premier, look to it and see
They suffer no want ! Let the dwarf likewise go
Back to the Prophet, with Leonta ; for, lo,

We are resolved to be tender and kind,
And win the approval of each subject's mind ;
Though we come in the tumult of war, yet you'll
see
How peaceful, Atlanteans, your new King can
be !''

This done, a cheer goes round and round,
And a voice cries :
" Let the King be crowned !"
Then, the Premier, kneeling humbly down,
To Padriphon holds Kadrempa's crown ;
The jewels flashed with dazzling fire,
And filled the King with great desire,
In spite of the Prophet's warning, to wear
The shining bauble o'er his raven hair !
He reached forth his hand, and grasped the
crown,
Then, suddenly, it goes falling down
Upon the floor ! A rumbling sound
Is heard, and the very ground
Quivers and quakes like a thing in pain,
Quivers and quakes again and again,

Till the vast crowd in the Palace-hall
Loudly for aid upon their God-head call !
For such a shock was never felt before
On fair Atlantis' bewitching shore !

CANTO X.

PADRIPHON'S DEATH.

WHEN in the Palace burst the wild alarm,
The dwarf caught up Leonta's fragile
form,
And, leaping through an op'ning, sped away,
Hearing behind the noise of the affray.

At last, when he had gained a safe retreat,
He placed Leonta on her nimble feet ;
And side by side their way they did pursue,
Until the forest screened them well from view.

Then spake the dwarf, as on their way they
went,
And love, unto his words, an added fervor lent :

“ Leonta, we are safe from harm ; and now
I pray you listen, as I here avow

The tender love that sways my heart for thee !
Yea, christened by our mutual misery,
Was born to me a love that ne'er will die
Though years on years into the future fly !
Ilpacia *once* I loved, but that is o'er :
I love thee, only ; and thy love implore."

Leonta's face was dazzling to behold ;
Joy gave to it more beauty than of old !
" At last, at last !" she murmured low,
" My love its recompense doth know !"

Then, nestling closely to his side,
And glancing up to him with look of pride,
She answered :

 " Ah, dear Hydrophane,
Long since, my poor heart you did gain ;
For years and years, with strong fidelity,
I have known no love save that for thee !"

At this, he clasped her in a fond embrace,
And kisses rained upon her pallid face ;
And thus these two, so lately steeped in gloom,
Were making plans for happy years to come !

They journeyed briskly on, and soon, once more,
They stood beside the Prophet's vine-clad door.
They peeped within, and saw Ilpacia fair,
And Elephois conversing with her there ;
They listened, and they heard again
Love plighted in a faithful strain.
Then Ilpacia chided him for what
The dwarf said he did foully plot.
His innocence he stoutly did maintain,
And so Ilpacia gave her hand again !

Just at this moment, Ilpacia rose, and said :
“ Ah, me ! I fear my poor Leonta's dead !
I've heard no tidings from her in so long,
My doubts for her are very, very strong !
I would that I could break the dungeon-chain,
And have her back with me again ! ”

“ And I,” said Elephois, “ and I
Wish that I could the prisoned dwarf descry ;
And tell him I forgive him ! He
Should never suffer harm from me ;
Of me he has a false conception ; and
I would that I could grasp him by the hand,

Prove him I'm not so wickedly inclined
As he has held me in his mind,
And then forgive him for his sturdy blow,
And make of him a *friend*, not foe !”

“ Stay here, awhile,” Leonta whispered low,
“ Whilst I for a change of raiment go !”
She slipt away, but soon returned again,
And stood beside th’ approving Hydrophane !

The vines were pushed apart ! Behold,
With the lithe, bounding step of old,
Leonta fell upon Ilpacia’s breast,
And with wild rapture her dear form caressed !
And Hydrophane, he sprang within the door,
And stood the wond’ring Elephois before !
In eager tones, they told their tale of woe,
And what they were compelled to undergo ;
Suddenly, as they spoke, a rumbling sound
Smote on their ears, and jarred the ground !
Quickly they paused, becoming still as death,
And scarcely had they drawn another breath,
Ere the building trembled fiercely o’er and o’er,
And they were hurled upon the reeling floor !

Swift as it came, the strange noise passed,
And they struggled to their feet in fast
And wild alarm.

To the door Ilpacia sprang,
And through the woods her clear voice rang :
“ Father ! ” she called, and presently she heard,
What to the depths her very spirit stirred,
From the forest thicket, just beyond,
Her father’s anxious voice respond !
Nor Elephois, nor yet could Hydrophane,
The rumbling and the jarring sound explain !

While yet they doubted, lo, the Prophet came,
His eyes with fire of prophecy aflame ;
Seeing Ilpacia, he spake rapidly :
“ The time is nearly come when we must flee ! ”
Next, glancing round, he saw Leonta ; then,
His restless gaze met that of Hydrophane.

“ ’Tis well,” he said, “ ’tis well that you are
here ;

The hour of our departure draweth near !
But a short while, and we toge’er must flee ;
Atlantis soon will sink beneath the sea !

Those sounds you heard, that jar you felt
Are but the first forewarnings dealt,
Which tell me to get affairs in shape,
From doomed Atlantis to escape !”

He questioned the dwarf and Leonta ; heard,
In silence, their ev’ry thrilling word ;
He told them how glad he was to see
Them freed from their captivity,
And then he bade them all adieu,
And went back to his toil anew ;
But a short while, now, and the finished boat,
Over the ocean’s waves will float !

Another month has onward passed ;
And the island’s doom is speeding fast !

In the rugged entrance to her cave
Anthrasia stood, with face most grave ;
Unheeded she her serpent there ;
In her eyes there shone a lurid glare,
Like a wild beast turned to bay.

She stood,

Venting the theme of her sombre mood :

“Padriphon mocks me yet,” she said,
“In vain my ev’ry dart has sped ;
Still lives he on, whilst I, in vain,
Attempt some sweet revenge to gain !
Baffled at every turn, I see
Nothing to yield revenge to me !
What shall I do ? His minions strive
Me of my life each day to deprive ;
But—who can it be that is coming here ?
I see a woman’s form appear !
Ah, ’tis Valeta ; now has fate
Sent me revenge ; I will not wait,
But meet her on her onward way,
And learn what she may have to say !”

She left the cave ; her way did take,
With eager step, toward the lake.
She met Valeta.

“Ha !” she said,
“What wilt thou have ?”
“Anthrasia dread,”
Valeta answered, “I come once more
Your aid and magic to implore !”

“What is it I can do for you?”
Anthrasia asked, and nearer drew.

“To-night, King Padriphon will wed—
Not me—but Celion, instead—
Unless you show me how I may
The coming marriage long delay!”

“Go try the liquid that I gave
When you, before, my aid did crave;
I have no other art so good;
'Twill surely melt his frigid mood,
And make him thrill with love for thee;
His bride shall Celion never be,
If you but in his wine-glass pour
That liquid, ere the day be o'er!”

Valeta bowed, and homeward went,
To test the liquid firm intent.

Anthrasia, as she disappeared,
Laughed softly to herself, and sneered:

“ Ah, Padriphon, on your regal throne,
Revenge has marked you for mine own ;
Your minions my ev’ry step pursue
To slay me ! But I shall slay you !
Now is my hour of triumph nigh ;
I must disguise myself, and hie
Unto the Palace, your end to see :
That were revenge enough for me ! ”

The night has come ; the darkness creeps
O’er vales and plains and mountain-steeps,
And in the Palace are clustered there
The nobles brave and ladies fair,
And the lights shine over a brilliant scene :
For Padriphon takes to himself a queen !

The King, in the pomp of his high estate,
Blind to the gloom of impending fate,
Strolls up and down, in a grand parade,
Listing the music his minstrels made !

Valeta approaches through the throng ;
The hour she has waited for so long
At last has come !

In her hand she doth hold
The choicest wine in a cup of gold.

Kneeling low at her sovereign's feet, thus she
Exclaimed in meek humility :

“ Your majesty, I come to pay
Obeisance to thy royal sway :
I pray you drink this wine for me,
Which my own hands prepared for thee !”

“ Rise !” said the King ; “ Valeta, rise ;
Your worship fills me with surprise ;
'Tis I should kneel, fair one, to thee !
So, rise, and the ruby wine give me !”

Just as he finished, Celion, fair
As a snow-white lily, did appear.
“ Yes, drink Valeta's wine,” she said,
And the King most gallantly obeyed.

The empty cup he Celion gave,
Who handed it to a passing slave ;

Then, swift as the arrow in its flight,
The poison worked its deadly blight !

Chatting along, in a merry vein,
The King experienced a sudden pain
Shoot through his arteries !

The bright room
Swam with a gray and misty gloom ;
Then, blinded, he staggered to the floor
At the foot of his throne, and knew no more !

A shrill cry rang throughout the hall,
And Celion by his side did fall,
Bathing his face with tears !

Another cry,
And Valeta, also, knelt down by
The prostrate form in voiceless grief,
Too deep to find in tears relief !

Then a veiled form approached the prostrate one,
And gazed upon the work she'd done.
Anthrasia 'twas, who, seeing the dead King,
Forgot her caution, and kept murmuring :

“Ah, ha ! Ah, ha !

Revenge—revenge is sweet ;
Sleep on, proud King, beneath Anthrasia’s feet !”

Valeta heard her, and her maddened soul
Passed far beyond the power of control.
Up did she spring, and ere Anthrasia knew
What thing it was the Princess planned to do,
With sudden hand, and quick, impatient grace,
She tore the heavy veiling from her face !

“ Behold !” she shrieked, “ the murd’ress of the
King ;

The drink I gave possessed a poisoned sting.
Anthrasia made the drink ; she gave it me,
Well knowing what the consequence would be.
In this dread hour I’ll confess the truth :
I, Padriphon have loved from very youth.
She told me that the drink possessed a power
To make his heart my love’s rich dower,
And so I gave it him !

Oh, sirs, I pray,
Arrest this woman ere she slip away !”

Valeta was scarce heard.

Anthrasia reached the door,
Passed swiftly out, and thus escaped once more !

CANTO XI.

THE FLIGHT.

THE same night that the King was slain,
The Prophet was forewarned again
By a sight more vivid than before !

He saw the billows rage and roar,
He heard a mighty, thund'ring noise,
Such as a universe destroys,
And, through the chaos, felt impelled,
By some strong influence upheld,
To launch his boat upon the sea,
That he from danger's stroke might flee !

He waited till the morning broke,
And then his friends from slumber woke.

Elephois was stronger now, so he
And Hydrophane most ardently

Followed the Prophet to the woods away
Where the trim boat, completed, lay.

Soon, Ilpacia and Leonta came
And gave the new-made boat the name
“Atlantis ;”

Then they lent a hand
To take the vessel to the strand.
Tireless all labored, and at last did reach
The pebble-strewn and snow-white beach.

As they were launching, came Anthrasia there,
More like a wild beast leaping from its lair
Than human being!

She desired to know
For what object they were toiling so?

The Prophet, answering, told her all
That was Atlantis to befall,
And the Sorceress, filled with gloomy fear,
Swift in the woods did disappear ;
Unto her den she sped away
To hear what *her* Oracles might say !

A strong, firm lunge, and the sturdy boat
At last on Ocean's waves did float !

The Prophet now bade Ilpacia go
For water and provisions.

So

Leonta, she, and Hydrophane
Sped back, these items to obtain.

They stayed not long, but after awhile
Returned with the best things of the isle,
Provisions plenty, and fresh water, too.

The Prophet met them as they came in view,
And helped them place them in the boat ; this
o'er,

They knelt awhile upon the smiling shore,
And kissed the sand.

Then sprang they, one by one,
Into the boat, their journey just begun !

The three men plied the oars.

But, lo !

The billows rocked them to and fro ;

Yet the boat proved trusty, and the men soon
found

'Their awkward gestures with success were crowned.

They learned the proper stroke ; and though in
fear

At each succeeding billow that drew near,
Still worked they on, cheered by the prophecy,
That they from ev'ry danger should pass free !

Away they went upon the ocean wide,
Encouraged by the Prophet at their side,
Who told them they should reach at last a shore
Where they'd be safe forever—evermore !

CANTO XII.

THE FATAL CROWN.

SILENT and cold, the dead King lay,
Draped in the sombre tomb's array;
Silent and still, the Palace hall
Gave echo not to each soft footfall
Of the pitying group assembled there
His corpse to the burial-ground to bear!

At the foot of his throne, on a divan soft,
Where, in life's luxurious ease, he'd oft
Rested his kingly form, he slept,
While death o'er him its vigil kept.

But, hark !

What solemn, chilling sound
Doth mar the stillness so profound?
Is it the sighing winds that sing
A requiem for the fallen King?

Is it the hoary Ocean's voice
That doth, in its demon-glee, rejoice
At the prospect of a maid so fair
As Atlantis, lured unto its lair?
Nay; 'tis Anthrasia, crouching low
Beside the form of her vanquished foe!

Disguised she is, but, as she sings,
She hurls away the screening things,
And rises to her feet, and stands,
With frightened face, and lifted hands:

“Woe! woe! to the people here,
For the strangling arms of the Sea appear
And circle their forms in their strong embrace
And drag them down to their resting-place!

“Woe, woe, to all in sight!
For over us hangs a deadly blight!
Woe, woe, for the hour is nigh
When ev'ry living thing must die!”

At this weird chant, the watchers quailed,
And ev'ry face with terror paled;

And, ere they roused from their dismay,
Again the Sorceress sped away !

And now th' assembled group drew near,
Recovered somewhat from their fear,
And as they stood his form beside,
Still regal in its look of pride,
They asked each other o'er and o'er,
Why the dead King no king's crown wore !

But as they sought to know, in vain,
Why he without a crown did reign,
And why, in death, he still none wore,
Celion came through the open door,
Bearing Kadrempa's jewelled crown,
And lowly at his side knelt down.

“Thy crown,” she said, “for thee I bring;
Love crowns thee, Padriphon, at last a King !
My love, my lord, dead monarch of this isle,
Bid thy sealed lips upon thy Celion smile !
Command thy eyes once more to ope to light
If, though, thereafter it be deeper night !
Bid thy dear face relax its rigid lines,
And that dark tress that o'er thy forehead shines

Bid wear its olden living sheen and gloss,
And throw a brief oblivion on my loss !
But no ! It is in vain—in vain—I plead ;
Thou canst not set at naught what Fate decreed !
Ah, me ! 'Tis this to love and find
My happiness, delirium of the mind ;
To see the cherished object of my heart,
When all was peace and gayety, depart !
But love, at best, is mixed of joy and pain,
Each vying with the other mastery to gain !
Padriphon, my liege, my lord, my King,
Farewell ! For thee thy crown I bring !”

Aeolias by her side knelt down,
And he and others kissed the crown ;
But as they did so, lo, the floor
Gently quivered o'er and o'er,
And a faint, dull sound in the distance far
Broke on the air, with a warning jar !

Then Celion rose, and kissed the brow
That missed its sense of feeling, now ;
Yet, as she did, the Palace shook,
Yea, trembled—to its furthest nook ;

The jarring sound did nearer come,
And louder spake their speeding doom !

The very air had changed its hue,
And looked a misty, hazy blue ;
And heated was, as if a hidden fire
Were kindling for their funeral pyre !

Yet, clinging to her purpose still,
So dauntless was her woman's will,
She knelt once more beside her dead,
And placed the crown upon his head !

CANTO XIII.

THE ESCAPE.

OUT on the boundless ocean ; see
A strong boat toiling gallantly
'Gainst wave and wind and ev'ry ill,
Sustained by three men's nerve and skill !

Atlantis, in the distance vast,
From vision is receding fast !

But list !

A sullen sound they hear,
That fills their anxious hearts with fear !

“ Work faster ! ” said the Prophet, then,
And faster—faster worked the men !

Atlantis, smaller yet, doth peep
A tiny speck above the deep !

Leonta and Ilpacia feel
A terror they cannot conceal,
As treacherous waves come bounding by,
Seeming for their young lives to cry !

They cannot see Anthrasia, wild
With fright that won't be reconciled,
Standing upon the snow-white strand,
Stretching out to the sea her hand ;
Yet the witch *is* there, though she calls in vain
For the voyagers to come back again
And take her with them.

Another jar,
And the billows fiercer, whiter are !

“ On ! ” said the Prophet, “ for soon the hour
Comes when the sea asserts its power ! ”

Quicker the boat flies over the waves,
As if for itself it safety craves ;
Faster and faster is plied each oar,
And Atlantis is seen by them no more !

At last there comes a noise so great
They know the Isle hath met its fate,
And the Prophet said, with a sudden frown,
“ Padriphon wears Kadrempa’s crown !”

The sea in angry mood doth rise
As if it would tower to the skies ;
The waves run rioting madly past,
The ocean becomes a seething, vast,
And terrible thing to gaze upon,
And the boat like a tiny thread is spun
Around and around !

Such wild uproar
Was never heard by them before !
No storm could raise such fearful din—
Tempest that will be or that hath been—
And the inmates of the little craft,
With fright and anguish almost daft,
Fell prone within the helpless thing
To wait what Fate might to them bring !

How long they lay thus they knew not ;
They thought alone upon their lot,

Thinking each moment to be their last ;
But at length the wild turmoil was past ;
And though the sea still howled and raged,
Its fever had been much assuaged.
They knew not how it was that they
Escaped the horrors of that day ;
But so it was, and the noble boat
Still on old ocean's waves did float !

Yet, 'twas many and many a dangerous hour
Before they could get it in their power ;
It tossed about as the billows tossed,
And its crew still feared they would be lost !

But, joy for them, at last a calm
Fell, like a blessing and a psalm
Upon the erstwhile maddened main,
And they, in hope, looked up again.

The craft that could stand so great a test
Put flight to ev'ry fear, and rest
Soon filled the soul and soothed the brain
That had been so lashed with poignant pain !

Once more the sea was still, and then
They sang their thanks in joyous strain
Of happy melody.

At length,
When time had well-nigh spent their strength,
And failing were both food and water,
Straining her eyes, the Prophet's daughter
Pointed to a distant spot
That gleamed up, just a tiny dot
Above the billows !

The others cheered,
For they hoped that it was land they neared !

Nor hoped in vain !

They closer drew,
And a welcome vision met their view !

Soon stood they on the new-found shore,
Their long, long journey safely o'er !
Then the Prophet, kneeling in the sand,
Toward the ocean stretched his hand :

“ Farewell ! ” he said, “ Atlantis, fare thee well !
The waves are chanting now thy funeral knell ;

In years to come the voyager will find,
Where once we dwelt in peacefulness of mind,
Naught but silent ocean ! No
Voice to whisper of a world below !
Nothing but death where once was life,
Nothing but peace where once was strife ;
Blotted forever art thou from the page
Of solid history !

The Poet and the Sage

May sometimes pause to think of thee,
But the great world's heart will fickle be ;
Thou wilt be called a myth !

A dream !

Although with life thou once didst teem !
And many men will doubt thee !

Yet

We, thy offspring, never can forget !
For in our hearts, enshrined by Memory,
Our native country thou shalt ever be !
In this new world our hearts to thee will
cling,
And e'er will we thy lost attractions sing ;
Our children, and our children's children, will
In years to come be taught to love thee still !

Oh, cruel Waves !

Rush down your depths, and tell
Atlantis and Atlanteans,
Farewell ! Farewell !''





Miscellaneous Poems.

THE SONG OF LOVE.

COME I, at last, my masters, come I from
God above,
To sing in your ears, all eager, the wonderful
Song of Love ;
A song that will strengthen the timid, with its
peaceful, cheering strain,
For the truth I seek,
And the truth I speak,
And Truth is never vain !

Love I this world, my masters, with its sunshine
and its showers ;
With its mighty hills, its peaceful vales, and all
its opening flowers ;

Its sparkling streams ; its budding trees ; its every
tower and steeple ;

Its holy peace,

Its witching grace,

Its true and faithful people !

For, since the First Fierce Hour that Earth and
Time were born,

When the Gates of Night were rolled ajar for the
entrance of the morn,

Down through the years succeeding, with their
weight of doubt and fear,

I see the Form,

And the shielding Arm

Of a Mighty Love appear !

Love I this world, my masters, this world that
God did make,

Where sinners steeped and dyed in sin are saved
for Jesus' sake ;

Which God so loved that he sent down from the
Courts of Heaven on high,

His Only One,

His precious Son,

For it to bleed and die !

Love I the name of Pleasure. For what were
 life without
This antidote of pain and care? A waste of
 dreary doubt ;
Love I the name of Pleasure. It is a golden ray
Of Godly love
Shed from above
To light man's weary way !

Love I the name of Friendship. It is the golden
 band
Twines heart to heart and soul to soul and hand
 links into hand ;
Love I the name of Friendship. It is the best of
 love ;
For every sting
Of suffering
It hath power to remove !

Love I the noble crown of Fame ; the souls that
 brought it forth,
And left through it to future worlds some tribute
 of their worth,

That list'ning, eager minds might grasp at their
 great thoughts of gold,
And in due time,
Through prose or rhyme,
Some grander thoughts unfold !

Love I the name of Riches ; for many a noble
 dome
Through their assistance has been reared to give
 the poor a home ;
And many a gallant, Christly deed through them
 has been achieved,
And darkest blight
Of heathen night
Through them has been relieved !

Love I this life, my masters, so pure, so bright,
 so fair,
Held in the womb of space by naught save by
 the Father's care ;
What though the dread Beyond be hid within
 the realm of night,
I'll let it rest,
And make the best
Of this I have in sight !

Love I chaste woman, masters, the noblest work
of God,
On whose fair form the world has placed the im-
press of its rod ;
What were cold man without this Link of Sym-
pathy with Heaven,
This purer part,
This gentler heart,
For his salvation given ?

Yea, what were man if she were gone,
Like shades of night from the rosy dawn,
And naught were left where she had been but an
empty, vain regretting ?
A broken reed,
A faithless creed,
A ring without its setting !

Yet, love I, too, my masters, the men ; for such
am I ;
With all their brooding brows of night and cold-
est apathy ;

Full well I know beneath their looks, so snowy
 clad at times,
There lurks a hint,
Though e'er so faint,
A hint of warmer climes !

Yea, neath those steel-clad looks of ice,
If one but use perception nice,
A trembling word or quivering lip or eye be-
 dimmed with tears,
Reveals the man,
As naught else can,
Though searched for years and years !

Love I it all, my masters ; but most I love Man-
 kind ;
With all their faults, and all their sins, we're of
 one common mind ;
For none of us is perfect ; none has the right
 to say
He is the best
Of all the rest,
For all are only clay !

COLUMBUS DISCOVERING AMERICA.

A MISTY substance quivers through the air,
Like the dark veil that screens Futurity ;
Would I could lift yon haze from off the sea,
And view the secrets hidden there !

Would I see land ?
How my soul leaps madly at the thought !
The wealth of Croesus I would yield as naught,
For one swift glimpse of snow-white sand !

Land ? The cherished dream of ages !
Am I to solve it ? Is the world to know
Through me, who am so humble and so low,
That which has baffled wisest sages ?

Vain thought ! Yet what intense delight
The idea gives me ! Ho, looker there,
What see'st thou ? “ A land so fair,
Man never saw a grander sight ! ”

De Leon, look ! I dare not trust
Myself to gaze as yet. What see'st *thou* ?
“ Comrade, I think that what was seen just now
Was but a vain delusion of the mist ! ”

I will gaze myself ; though well I know
There is no land ; yet, still I cling
To the vain comfort that my hopings bring !
Why hath Fate willed it so ?

Am I to die a *dreamer*—after all
The many years thus solely spent
In this endeavor ? Am I only sent
To bring the scorn of skeptics on my fall ?

Fails *this* endeavor, fails the last, faint ray
Of hope that gilds the shadow of the golden
chord
That leads the wayward musings of the mystic
bard,
And dreary Night usurps the place of Day !

Yet, *can* it fail ? It *cannot* be !
I know the ocean has its bounds somewhere !
O, Deep and Dark, thou canst not truly bear
The endless footprints of Eternity !

Begirt with mysteries, oh, sea, yet well I know
There is a Key unlocks thy hidden Vast,
And yields to Science all thy treasured Past,
Prescribes thy outward and thy inward flow !

For years, the world has slept the sleep
Of fruitless ignorance in regard to thee ;
But *now* thou must unveil thyself, oh sea,
And show the secrets of thy hidden Deep !

Come, show thyself ! Remove the haze
That hides thy inner self from me ;
Discard thy veiling, oh, mysterious sea,
That hidden merit may command its praise !

The mist is *drifting* ! Oh, Great God on high,
Look down upon me in compassion mild,
For in thy hands a simple, trusting child,
Submissive, humbled, in the dust I lie !

The mist is *drifting* ! Oh, Majestic One,
A hearing deign to give unto my prayer !
With *faith* I come ; lo, in my arms I bear
The richest sacrifice the earth has borne !

The mist is *lifting* ! Oh, most gracious Lord,
Descend to bless the world through me ;
Grant me one glimpse of Ocean's mystery !
Speak ! The waters will obey thy word !

The mist has cleared away ; oh, God, at thy
command,
The sea gives up what it hath long concealed ;
I see its hidden mysteries all revealed !
I see ! Thank God ! Thank God ! 'Tis LAND !

Great God, *I* thank thee ; and, in coming years,
A newborn Nation will recite thy praise !
A newborn Nation that good men will raise
Out of the travail of tumult and tears !

AMBITION.

IT is not each man's noble fate
To live and move in regal state,
From depths of Nothing, fashioned great,
To make himself a Rienzi ;
Nor is the pen, that lever grand,
That moves the World at its command,
Borne in each soft and kingly hand,
To write a record in the sky !

The gift of Genius was not sent
To bless the wandering Bedouin's tent,
God did not kiss the rod he bent
O'er Ishmael's erring head ;
Yet, Ishmael's homeless sons are free,
They know no bondage, bow no knee,
And though they *be* not wise as we,
They would not share our bed !

Napoleon made himself a King ; but oh,
How many human hearts may know
The depth of grief or wealth or woe

That cursed his life,
When he, to purchase Empire's sway,
Bartered his soul's archon away,
And by one stroke obtained his pay,
And lost a wife !

Lord Byron won a Poet's name ;
His the undying wreath of fame,
For ages yet to come, the same
As in the Long Ago ;
Yet, though a whole world smiled or wept,
As o'er the harp his fingers swept,
And witching harmonies of ideas crept
As silver streamlets flow ;

Who can deny he would have given
The whole of earth or half of heaven,
And pledged the stars to make it even,
If he could then
Have brought to life bright roses fled,
And cheeks, new-dimpled, cold and dead,
Or quickened life where prayers were said
And God had registered " Amen ?"

Then ye of smaller scope, be still ;
Curb your ambition, and control your will ;
Glide onward, like yon babbling rill,
 In calm, unruffled peace ;
Shun vain regrets for what is done ;
Shun discontent with what is won ;
Accept the issue ; soon, ah, soon,
 The unknown vast will bring release !

ROBERT E. LEE.

GO thou where proud Atlantic laves
The proudest shore on earth,
Where Royalty and Freedom both
 Of Honor had their birth ;
Where noble hearts and noble hands
 Stand ready for the call
Of Valor's voice, for their dear lands
 To offer up their all,

And of the host of bravest Knights
That England ever knew,
Or of the ranks of proudest Lords
The truest of the true,
Thou wilt not find a nobler man,
Or one who so combines
The Patriot, Statesman, Leader—all,
As he who heads these lines !

Go thou where proud Athenian domes
Uplift their prouder spires ;
Where Eloquence first saw the light,
And Genius built her fires ;
Go in the halls of learning, where
Demosthenes was God ;
Or dive into the deeper dells
Diogenes once trod,
Or climb up to Olympus' heights,
Where Jupiter supreme
Reigned o'er the world with iron might
Through Superstition's dream,
Or to Philosophy's recess
With anxious steps proceed,
Where Plato reasoned from his chart,
Isocrates, his creed ;

And of all the hosts of Demigods,
Of heroes and divines,
There is not one who can surpass
The man who heads these lines !

Search through the musty History
Of ages long gone by ;
See conflicts fought, and victories won,
And brave men, bleeding, die ;
See statesmen's names, and warriors, too,
And leaders, written down ;
See Genius with her laurel wreath,
And Royalty her crown ;
See Merit in her brightest hues,
And Worth without a stain ;
See Justice clad in robes of white
A God would not disdain ;
See Martyrs in their blood-dipped robes,
And Saints all pure and fair,
See ev'ry star that shineth forth
In Fame's unclouded sphere ;
See all of these, and then come back
To the land of Palms and Pines,
Where each one meets his equal in
The man who heads these lines !

FIRST DEATH.

HUSHED is the stricken household ! A
solemn, anxious chill
Pervades the silent chambers, deserted, lone, and
still ;
Hearts are grown weak and weary from long
battling with despair,
And faces paled and furrowed with the crevices
of care !

A weeping mother bends above the white, pall-
shrouded bier,
Where lies her cherished offspring, the first-born,
doubly dear ;
Sleeping he seems ; his placid features appear but
to partake
Of rest and calm no human spell may ever mar
or break !

No more his eager footsteps will re-echo through
those halls ;
No more his raptured voice reply to yearning
mother calls ;

Cold, cold and still, he sleepeth on, the spark of
life is fled,
And heart and brain perceive the truth, the
precious child is dead !

'Tis the first death ! The ruthless Reaper ne'er
before has come
To leave the shadow of his frown upon this quiet
home ;
Nestled its birdlings warmly were close in their
feathered nest,
And did not dream of entertaining such a ghastly
guest !

But, so it is ! Death steals upon our households
unaware,
When most expected not, behold his poisoned
sting is there ;
The jewels dearest, closest grasped, within our
shielding arms
Most often fade beneath the force of his all-potent
charms !

Grief hath its weight of woe, always ; but there's
a kind of grief,
For which no human balm can yield the blessings of relief ;
'Tis when the first fair youngling of our little
spotless flock
Is torn from our caresses by Death's rudely bitter
shock !

For Death will come to every home ; none can
escape his wrath ;
He hovers like a bird of prey above each secret
path ;
And every household on this earth, no matter,
now, how fair,
Some day will look unto the grave, and find complement there !

Yet, God, the Father, still is good ; and Christ
is firm and sure,
And they have given us the strength all losses to
endure ;

We look up through the gathering mists of earthly
 pain and strife,
With the full and perfect knowledge of a brighter,
 gladder life !

A brighter, gladder life beyond the brink of tur-
 bid Time,
Where joyous glories wait us through the endless
 years sublime,
Where lost ones, gone before us, stand with ready,
 outstretched hands,
To give us cordial welcome to the blest, immortal
 lands !

GOD, THE PAINTER.

A PAINTER stood before his easel,
Tracing slow a tiny line ;
A stranger, gazing on the canvas,
Wot not of his grand design ;
Stroke by stroke, he made impressions
In his quiet, busy way ;
Stroke by stroke, until the canvas
Gleamed with life and light, one day !
Stroke by stroke, until the stranger
Plainly then his plan could see ;
Stroke by stroke, until the canvas
Caught the painter's mystery !

So doth God before His easel
Trace with care each tiny line ;
Man, whilst gazing on the canvas,
Wots not of His great design ;
Stroke by stroke, with grand precision,
In His own appointed way,
Doth he make each soft impression,
Till the light of Judgment Day

Shines upon the Theme completed
In its perfectness divine ;
Man, upon the glowing canvas,
Reads the glorious design ;
Knows the object and the motive
Of each act, so hidden now,
And before the Mighty Painter
Doth his soul submissive bow !

SOME TIME.

THE clouds that hang o'er human life,
That make the world with sin so rife,
And rain down fear, tumult, and strife,
Some time
Will pass away !

The bitter anguish of despair,
The tear of woe, and weight of care,
And grief that hearts can hardly bear ,
Some time
Will pass away !

The tainting touch of jealous sting,
And low-bowed Slander's bickering,
And cold-veined Envy's secret fling
Some time
Will pass away !

The aching blight of Sorrow's pain,
The dark'ning spot of Error's stain,
The thralldom of a Passion's chain
Some time
Will pass away !

Then thou, oh soul ! in gloom downcast,
Whose every hope in life seems past,
Take heart, for know such grief thou hast
Some time
Will pass away !

Yes, do not sit and idly pine
When all the world of Time is thine,
Because all ills, both yours and mine,
Some time
Will pass away !

When over face and form and hands
There creeps the fatal sign
That death will, soon, his stern commands
Issue to thee and thine !

TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER, "DEW-
DROP."

THE portals of Heaven were opened, last
night,
That a pure little spirit might find
Its way through the glittering pathway of light
That down toward Earth-land inclined ;
It wandered through air, like a stray drop of dew,
Till it fell in the breast of a rose ;
That rose, darling wife, was no other than you,
And your heart its soft leaves did uncloze,

Till it sank deep within to its downy-like bed ;
Then, those leaves, twining round it, did form
A screen from all sorrow or anguish or dread,
And an armor to shield it from harm !

E'en there let it rest, precious present from God ;
Let it rest till the ending of life ;
When our cold bodies lie 'neath the feelingless
sod,
Our souls will still claim it, sweet wife !

GRENADA IN THE PLAGUE OF 1878.

HOW like a grave Grenada looks !
Her white walls, cold and bare,
Gleam ghostly, tall and gaunt within
The sunlight's lurid glare !
A gloomy calm palls on the air
And stifles life and breath,
Whilst over all the silence hangs
The flaming Sword of Death !

No sound is heard through all the streets
Once echoing with life,
Except the muffled tread of Him
Who wields His ruthless knife ;
And the sad wail of broken hearts
That see their loved ones die,
All powerless to stay the ill
Though standing closely by !

Grenada weeps ! Her mother heart,
In anguished pain and fear,
Throbs wildly as her children's cries
Of sorrow reach her ear ;
The frightened world has drawn apart,
Within its inmost cell,
And left her all alone to drink
Her cup of molten Hell !

Yet, smitten deep with mighty grief
Beneath her fearful blow,
Grenada, crushed and bruised by pain
The world may never know,

Grenada, over whose fair form
The shroud of Death is cast,
Still brave and firm a Hagar guards
Her Ishmaels to the last !

All hail the noble hands that strive
To stay the Demon's course !
All hail the noble hearts that dare
Defy the Fever's force !
All hail the noble souls that fight
Against the Reaper's rage,
That strive and die to live again
On History's martyred page !

Grenada, Niobe-like, in tears,
Weeps floods and floods of grief,
And, Rachel-like, denies herself
The comfort of relief ;
Yet, cursed and torn, to-day, with pain
And anguish fierce and deep,
To-morrow she will wear a crown
Of tears she now doth weep !

To-morrow ? Strickén ones, look up !
The night is dark and vast,
But when the morning's sun doth rise
Its heaviness is past !
God holds us all within the palm
Of His almighty hand,
And sends us waves of joy or grief
Alike at His command !

He knoweth best how to dispense
His providence to man,
And ev'ry sorrow hath its place
In his infinite plan ;
He would not send this ill to you,
If he did not foresee
Some greater good that, from its touch,
In future was to be !

THE DEAD PAST.

“LET the dead past bury its dead !”

’Twas a woman said,
And her voice drooped sad and low,
As she walked along the ocean side,
Watching the wavelets far and wide,
The ebbing and the flowing tide,
Come and go !

“Let the dead past bury its dead !”

’Twas a warrior said,
And his eyes with tears grew dim,
As he thought of his home by the ocean strand,
Yet little dreamed he as he marched with his
band,
A woman’s heart, in that far-off land,
Was breaking for him !

THE SOUTHERN SISTER'S FAREWELL
TO HER SOLDIER BROTHER.

FAREWELL, my brother ; noble be my song
If it but tell the half the worth of thee ;
I pray the time may not be very long
That keeps thy presence and thy love from me !
Farewell, my brother ; when thy country calls,
Thou wouldst be churlish an thou answered
nay ;
Honored the man who as a patriot falls,
Cherished his mem'ry when Death claims its
prey !

Farewell, my brother ; may the God above
Look down in mercy on the battle-field ;
May He take pity on a sister's love,
And deign to save thee and to shield !
But shouldst thou fall, oh fall as only he
Who meets appropriate death the brave among ;
Guard well thy honor ; then wilt thou ever be
Thy sister's martyr, hero of her song !

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

I GROPED in the Valley of Darkness ;
No flowers were blossoming there ;
About me were treacherous marshes
That poisoned the desolate air.
No trees upward lifted cool branches ;
No birds flitted through the black space ;
Not a ray of sweet sunshine e'er glimmered
Within the lone, sin-blighted place ;
But, lurking within the damp shadows
That shrouded the grim surface o'er,
Great Horrors crawled out from the marshes,
Gaunt-featured, and covered with gore !

So, I cried out aloud in my anguish,
And lifted my hands to the sky :
“ Oh, merciful Father, assist me ;
Relieve me of this ere I die ! ”
Then an answer came out of the Heavens,
The Shadows were scattered away,
And the Horrors hid back in the marshes
As they heard me in agony pray !

And I saw the white windows of Eden
Uplifted by angelic hands,
And a rich, golden vessel fell to me,
Sustained by strong, silver-like strands !

And a small singing voice whispered to me,
“ This Vessel is God’s Written Word ;
The means of escape have come to you :
Let not that escape be deferred ! ”
So I eagerly welcomed the vessel,
And clung to its silver-like rope,
For I knew that the latter was Faith, and
That dependence upon it was Hope.
And I knew that my form was uplifted
By Jesus, who drew up its weight ;
And thus, from the Valley of Darkness,
I was raised to the Christian’s Estate !

AT THE GATE.

UP above, the moon and stars shining bright ;
Down below, the earth reposing in airy
light ;

Up above, the angels looking from exalted state
Upon a scene of tender beauty at the cottage
gate ;

Within the gate, a tiny fairy,
With a figure light and airy—
With her hair in ripples waving
Gently flowing, softly laving,
Throat and breast,
Craving rest !

Without the gate, a manly form standing there,
Vows to shield from every storm, pain and care ;
Vows to cherish in his heart,
Vows to perfect peace impart,
Vows to live a noble life
To gain the fairy for his wife
Till death shall come
To take them Home !

Through the bars, four tiny fingers, timid, creep-
ing,
Clasped and held by other fingers firmly keep-
ing,
Answer for the maiden :
“ Yes ! ”
Is the man contented ?
Guess !

THE POET'S HOME.

FAR from the busy world it stands,
A grand and stately dome,
Built on a cliff 'bove ocean-strands
The poet's ideal home !
Nor pomp, nor pride, nor worldly show
Disturbs its peaceful mood ;
Nor sound except the ocean's flow
To mar its solitude !
Alone it stands on cliffs sublime,
The guardian of the sea ;
A relic of departed time,
Symbolic of eternity !

The ocean's heaving waves caress
With cooling touch, its base,
As if from out their azure depths
They found a resting-place ;
The lightnings flash, the storm-clouds roll
Their peals of thunder, loud ;
But the white walls bare in the gloom appear
A grand and solemn shroud !
And often, yet, those storms shall come,
The mad-capped waves roll high,
But calm and still, the Poet's home
Shall breathe a lullaby !
Behind it, on the coast, arise
A grove of tropic trees,
Which ever quiver with the sighs
And whispers of the breeze ;
And on each side, the sea along,
By cooling waves caressed,
Stretch endless cliffs ; their rocks among
The sea-bird makes its nest !
Here man's fierce, restless heart is taught
The peacefulness of love,
And Nature, with her many tongues,
Speaks of the God above !

Here, ever at its sloping base
The surging billows roll,
And Nature breathes, when life is o'er,
A requiem to the soul !

A SONG OF THE MORNING.

THERE'S a beautiful glow in the morning,
When the sun just awakes from repose,
With his golden rays richly adorning
The breast of the dew-kissed rose.

There's a psalm in the stillness of nature,
A peacefulness no man knows ;
Like the crown of joy waiting in Heaven
Gleams the light on the dew-kissed rose.

There's a pearl in each beautiful flower ;
In the sunlight it quivers and glows :
God visited earth in the shadow,
Left His kiss on the trembling rose !

NO RISK, NO GAIN !

O H, timid heart,
That doubttest thine own power
To gain the acme of thy Soul's desire,
Why tremblest thou ?
Why pale and start
Backward, at the fitting hour,
As though it were presumption to aspire
To crown thy brow
With the laurels of a hard-earned victory ?
No risk, no gain !
Whate'er the end expected be :
Whether thou strivest for fame or love,
Thou'lt still remain,
Without a risking, in thy 'customed groove !
Nerve heart ; nerve soul ;
And waken from thy lethargy ;
For, just as sure as ages roll
And years pass onward swiftly by,

If thou risk not,
Wilt thou go onward to the end,
Without a single joy attained,
Or one contested favor gained,
And unimproved thy lot !

I think this truth will aye remain :
Without a risk, there is no gain !

WHAT CONSTITUTES POETRY.

'TIS not the thoughtless rhyme of words
That makes a song divine,
And not the idle touch of chords
That makes the ear incline.

The words may as the cascade fall,
A silvery, snow-white sheet,
May keep, in sound, a harmony
And measure most complete.

But if the soul be not entwined
Around them as they glide
Athwart the thoughtful reader's mind,
They cannot long abide ;

For 'tis not words that woo the soul
Or heart, in gentle strain,
But ideas, spurning mean control,
That reach to God's domain !

SONNET.

TO Mississippi and the South, this fair sweet
land of ours,
This land of oranges and pines, of palms and
tropic flowers,
My masters, one and all, I pray that you will
hearken to me,
I dedicate my life and fate,
Till time and death undo me.

And if, perchance, throughout that life I write a
single sentence
Detracting from their well-earned praise, this be
my just repentance :
May my right hand be withered up, and lose the
power of action ;
May every thought, if wisdom-fraught,
Be smothered, to a fraction !

TO HENRY TIMROD,

AUTHOR OF ETHOGENENSIS.

THERE is a name I would enfold
Within my soul and safely keep
Within my being's strongest hold,
Where all my purest feelings sleep !
There is a life I fain would see
Blessed with the fruit of great reward ;
Oh, Father, grant that this may be,
A token of thy love, dear Lord !

Oh, Poet, in thy hour of thought,
When wave on wave of passion thrills
Athwart thy vision, over-fraught
With beauty that thy bosom fills,
I pray thee look not up too high,
Aiming to reach the mountain's crest,
With blinded eyes, while round thee lie,
The humbler things thy feet have pressed !

The billows surging at the base
Of jagged rocks in lonely lands,
Where ne'er the shade of human face
Is mirrored on the snow-white sands,
Are not less token of the sea,
That mighty sea of Never Rest,
Than those that lave fair Italy
With the soft kiss of snowy crest.

There is a time when what is low,
To us, by contrast, sudden seems
To be endowed with richer glow
Than ever haloes fickle dreams ;

The gentle daisy at our feet,
When plucked and given us by love
Is blessed with fragrance far more sweet,
Than is the rose in yonder grove !

So, in the land of Poet-lore,
A daisy may command
A praise to it unknown before,
When plucked by poet-hand,
The humblest things on earth are not
The most despised to be ;
Consider thou thy Saviour's lot
And its humility.

So, unto thee, oh, Timrod, friend,
With kindred love, I come ;
And with that love pure worship blend,
That you may prize it some !
I am the wave that ceaseless flows
At thy great being's base ;
Wilt thou not from all earthly woes
Grant me a resting-place ?

I am the daisy at thy feet,
And thou art set on high ;
THOU walk'st the great and golden street,
And I am left to die !
But oh, dear Timrod, ere thou place
Thy holy feet upon my heart,
Grant that of thy heavenly peace,
My soul may have a part !

A SONG OF PEACE.

'TIS fitting that fair words of peace I should
in this song utter,
No more is heard the roar of guns, nor cannon's
hoarser mutter ;
No more is seen the Northern foe in this fair land
of ours,
No more the tread of Northmen dread
Shall crush our Southern flowers.

No more our mothers clasp their sons to their
caressing arms,
Before they give their treasures up to die 'midst
war's alarms ;
No more the wife her husband yields ; no more
the girl her lover ;
For dove-eyed Peace has brought release ;
The long, long Night is over !

What though that struggle did not end as we could
have desired it ?
What though the flame should be blown out by
the very wind that fired it !
God's will was that it should be so, and we with-
out complaining,
Should bear the cross He giveth us,
And live for what's remaining !

TIME AND DEATH.

AN old man, walking on his way,
Beheld, just at the close of day,
Two roads upon his route ; on each
Was one, who thus indulged in speech :

Said first : “ Old man, come go with me,
I have vast pleasures stored for thee.”
The old man gazed at him and sighed,
And thus most wearily replied :

“ What you have said may be the truth :
But can you give me back my youth ?”
The other shook his hoary head :
“ Youth is, for you, forever dead.”

But here the second spake to him :
“ Old man, your life is growing dim ;
Yet come with me and I'll obtain
Your youth and give it you again.”

E'en as he spake, the old man bent
His steps the way the speaker went ;
“ He who refused you youth,” he saith
“ Was Time, and I, old man, am Death.”

BLIND.

BLIND, so blind ; I cannot see the world,
With its rare beauties wide unfurled ;
I cannot see, as others see, the glories of the skies,
Because a pall of gloomy night enwraps my
clouded eyes.

Blind, so blind ; yet I've an inner sight
That does not yield obeisance to that cloud of
outer night ;
I bow my head in gladness, and I praise my God
so kind,
Who hath not made me half so blind as infidels
are blind.

MEMORIAL ODE.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE BALDWIN MEMORIAL
ASSOCIATION, ON THE 10TH OF MAY, 1878.

HOW shall I speak of this solemn event?
What words shall I use or what ideas por-
tray,
That will answer the heaven-born, noble intent
That has gathered these votaries present to-day?

Shall I lift up the screen of the past and reveal
The horror and anguish of desolate years?
Shall I hold up the picture of woe and appeal
To the prejudice fostered by sadness and tears?

Shall I push back the veil that the present has
cast
O'er the skeleton-form of a Nation's despair,
And from its Mausoleum in gloom of the past,
Exhibit its horror, all naked and bare?

Nay, nay ! Let us strive and strive not in vain,
To bury the blight of the hand of distress,
And, looking up proudly from couches of pain,
Find only in sorrow a foretaste of bliss !

For surely the South has won laurels enough
In glorious battles on land and on sea,
To forget all the anguish of destiny rough,
In the hallowed remembrance of her Semmes and
her Lee !

We strove for success ; but, in striving, we lost !
We attempted to rise ; but, in rising, we fell,
And our land seemed to be one vast holocaust,
Whose fire was more bitter than ashes of hell ;

Yet, through the dark cloud, was a light ever
shining :
A light, dim at first, but increasing each year
Till now, that the gloom of oppression's declin-
ing,
Behold the full orbit of glory appear !

The OLD South is dead : but a NEW hath arisen ;
A Phoenix hath sprung from her ashes and gore,
And winged its bold flight to the portals of
 Heaven,
With a halo of beauty ne'er noticed before !

Then sleep, soldiers, sleep : the South's not for-
 got you,
Your names are inscribed on her heart and her
 brain,
Full well does she know all the hardships you've
 suffered,
Those hardships and sufferings have not been in
 vain !

She has come out, to-day, to bequeath you a token
Of the undying love that's still warm in her
 breast,
Prayers have been uttered, kind words have been
 spoken,
And blessings unnumbered have poured on your
 rest !

GHOSTS.

YOU who speak to me ;
I who answer thee ;
And *all* earth's hosts,
Are ghosts !

I may *believe* I know
That you are thus and so,
But man's at best and most
A ghost !

Only in spirit-life,
Freed from earth's pain and strife,
There is (I make the boast),
No ghost !

A TRIBUTE TO THE MISSISSIPPI PRESS.

LOVE I the Press, my masters, the motor-
power of Christ,
Archimedes of modern times without the gloomy
mist
Of ancient Doubt that overhung that little room
in Mentz,
Where scarce the ray of brightest day
Relieved its sombre tints ;

When Guttenburg received reward of success,
after years
Of bitter failure, dread and want, of sorrow and
of tears,
And gave the world a second birth, almost as
great and grand
As that it had with glory clad
Bestowed by God's own hand !

Love I the Press, my masters, it hath a goodly
sound,
And is more widely revered than any monarch
crowned ;

It is the open Page of Thought, The Tree, upon
whose leaves
The Sage proclaims, the Poet dreams,
Joy laughs, or sorrow grieves.

Love I the Press, my masters ; it hath a power
unknown
To earls and lords and dukes, and e'en yon king
upon his throne ;
For well the last may quake with fear when a
united Press oppose,
For it nerves the hearts and aims the darts
Of the populace, his foes.

What were this lofty land of ours, if, one hundred
years ago,
Our sturdy papers had not dared defy the British
foe ?
Go thou to India ; see her fate ; a Province,
tribute bound ;
The bitter tear is answer clear,
No other need be found.

Love I the Press, my masters; the world's great
avenue
To Honor, Fame, and Riches, and all that's
good and true;
The shades of all the mighty men the Press has
given birth
Rise from their shrouds in countless crowds
To testify its worth.

For what were they without the Press to print
their thoughts of gold,
And, through its medium, to the world their
mental wealth unfold?
And e'en the Bible—holy Book!—how steeped
the world in sin,
If this great chain of soul and brain
In truth had never been!

All hail the Press! the greatest power now known
to men on earth!
The scatterer of good news abroad, the messenger
of worth;

The noblest, truest aid to God, directed in the
right ;
It slays all wrong as it sweeps along
In the grandeur of its might.

All hail the Press ! Let all good men who love
our free-born State
Sustain her Press ; for in its rise or fall exists
their fate ;
Lift up its arms that it may be the firmer knit
together ;
So will her ship each yearly trip
Fresh difficulties weather.

My masters, brothers every one, yet still beloved
masters,
Through all our dear State's future share of glories
and disasters,
Guard well your trust that you may show the
honor of your station,
And wave the world her flag unfurled,
The grandest of the nation !

Let not the world's false smile allure to leave
your sacred mission ;
Her glory first within your breasts should be your
lives' ambition ;
Strive so to live and so to write, your pens shall
be the lever,
Will move all earth to own her worth
And crown her Queen forever !

Of all the South's bright diadem of States deserv-
ing fame,
Let MISSISSIPPI take the lead, win HER the no-
blest name,
Win her the Poet's wreath, the robe of eloquence
and learning ;
Yea, never rest till she be blest,
A star in glory burning.

Guard well thine actions every day, thine every
word and gesture,
And keep within thy inmost heart the ills that
hath oppressed you,

For know to every soul that's born whilst you
your pens are holding,
Some mighty mood for ill or good,
YOUR ideas are moulding.

Yea, what the Pulpit may not do, and what the
school-room misses,
A word from you may wreck a soul in Hell's
most dread abysses,
Or cause that soul to change its course and climb
the heights of Heaven,
And from the dust of sinful lust
By your advice be driven.

My masters, since your power you see, I hope
that you will use it
For some good purpose, blest of God, and never
once abuse it,
For, hark the mourning of the world o'er some
great soul you've made it,
If in your power, you crush the flower
By your own hands created.

It's just as easy a task to speak a good word as a
bad,
And just as easy to make a soul pure, noble, blest,
and glad,
As 'tis to make it dark with grief or gloomy with
despair,
For just one word of pity heard
May brighten deepest care.

Yea, God will bless each effort made to help Re-
ligion on !
Yea, He will prove Himself a friend when all
things else seem gone,
If you but keep your papers pure, as humble
Christians live ;
Yea, He will bless your noble press,
And his assistance give.

Let all your words be words of love, your every
deed the purest ;
Of all the ways that bring success these surely are
the surest ;

For God is love, and Christ is God, and both
are one in Heaven,
And if you fight alone for right,
They'll make life's pathway even.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A WAIL of grief floats through our land,
And, borne on ev'ry breeze,
Is swept along from coast to strand,
Across the Summer seas ;
On, on, the zephyrs sweep, until
The sorrowful refrain
The soul of all the world doth thrill
With agony of pain ;
For all the world a common part
Of deprivation shares,
When Death's cold breast its noblest heart,
A priceless jewel, wears !

Would that my feeble falt'ring pen
Had fitter words at hand.
I might not strive in vain, in vain,
To reach a soul so grand !
Yet, had I all a Byron's fire,
With Wordsworth's tenderness,
Should Dryden ev'ry thought inspire
And Tupper weave its dress,
All, all, combined, would but portray
A shadow of the worth
Of him, whom Death's relentless sway
Deprived a weeping earth !

He, whom a world laments, was great
In thoughts, and word, and deed ;
His life speaks forth his inward state
Of ideas and creed.
From early boyhood, he was led
Through Poesy's fair land,
A laurel-wreath upon his head,
A pen within his hand ;
And thoughts, all bright and clothed in snow,
Thoughts pure as angels are,
Close at his side did gleam and glow,
As shines the evening-star ;

And he had but to reach his hand
And grasp a subtle form,
And soon, from mystic Poet-land,
He took a world by storm !
And as the years swift onward crept
Adown the future dim,
A whole world laughed, or sighed, or wept
As moods best suited him !
For Thought grew larger as he grew,
And, as the grave he neared,
Lo, themes more lofty, fresh, and new,
Swift at his touch appeared !

He was a POET. One who learns
To hold converse with God,
And speaks with eloquence that spurns
All meaner brotherhood.

He was a POET. One who dreams
Strange dreams of tropic seas,
Fair, peaceful vales, bright, sparkling streams,
And cool, inviting trees.

He was a POET. One who sings
Of purity and love,
To whom, with harp, an angel brings
Symphonies from above ;

To whom fair Nature ôpes her heart,
And everything hath voice
To speak, to cheer, to peace impart,
And make his soul rejoice !

Bryant is dead, the Poet-king !

BRYANT, the Great and Grand,
Has yielded self, an offering,
On Death's dark altar-stand ;
Bryant is dead. Let Nature moan,
With anguish, fierce and wild,
For, from his birth he was her own,
Her dreaming POET-CHILD !

Bryant is dead ! Oh, Poets, weep
That he should be undone :
Yet, vow to climb Fame's rugged steep
And win as he has won.

Let lives like his be lights for thee ;
Walk where he trod before ;
Write as to breathe his purity
Of purpose evermore ;
Write peaceful thoughts on peaceful themes,
So simple, yet sublime,
That when, at last, you end Life's dreams,
They'll live in deathless rhyme !

A PICTURE.

THE spinning-wheel stands idly still ;
The skein, untouched, lies on the floor ;
While the rays of the moon peep slyly in,
Half-hid by vines, through the open door.
A horse is standing at the gate,
All ready for his master's call ;
Impatient, waits to catch the sound
Of that master's returning footstep's fall !

Upon the porch, 'neath the ivy-vines,
A man and maiden standing there :
She, with her face upon his breast,
He, with his lips upon her hair ;
Wedding-bells float upon the air :
Happy hearts contented now—
What does it mean, this picture fair ?
He prints the answer on her brow.

THE BORROWING MAN.

IS there no place where money is found
In measureless quantities to abound,
Where the borrowing man may ask and receive
By just simply touching a friend on the sleeve,
And saying to him, in a voice mildly meek,
“ Can you lend me a dollar? I’ll return it next
week.”

Is there no place, search wherever we can,
Where a welcome is given the borrowing man?

Go look to the merchant, who, ruddy with health,
With energy tireless increases his wealth;
See him bowing and smiling in front of his store
To the patrons who hasten to enter his door;
See him handle his goods in a diligent way,
And chatter betimes of the news of the day;
All-a-sudden, his features are shadowed with
fear,

An unbidden guest at his side doth appear;
’Tis a guest that rests under a merciless ban,
Well known to the world as the borrowing man!

Go look to old Cræsus, who drives his own
team ;
And lives like a Prince in the midst of a dream,
Who keeps him a palace, owns servants by scores,
And counts foreign journeys as nothing but bores,
Who has pleasures not easily measured by those
Who thus cannot lead such a life of repose ;
See him frown, as he reins in his pure-blooded
span,
Surmising the wish of the borrowing man !

Go look to the lawyer, the doctor, and all,
Who have clients and patients, inquiring to
call ;
See the first, as he looks, with a nod, from his
brief,
And finds in his client a welcome relief ;
See the second, good-humored, as patients arrive,
Like bees to drop honey sweet into his hive,
See them both in dismay as they glance up to
scan
The importunate face of the borrowing man !

Go look to the candidate, blithesome and gay,
Saluting each one as he goes on his way ;
Pleasant smiles for his friends, with soft words
 thrown between,
Such a jolly, good customer never was seen ;
See him pause in his walk, for a moment or two,
As the form of a gentleman heaveth in view ;
Then he placidly glides in the course he began,
Like a martyr—to favor the borrowing man !

So, is there no place where money on trees
Grows to be gathered whenever we please ?
Where all share alike of the dangerous root—
If one holds a million, the rest follow suit ?
Where houses and servants and horses so fine
Are abundant as jewels in Golconda's mine !
Where each gets as much as he possibly can,
And sufficient is left for the borrowing man ?

SONNET.

T IRED heart, look up! God giveth recompense

To Genius and to Labor, in due time ;
Think not His watchful, tender Providence
Is blind and heedless of thy timid rhyme !

Some day, for this is not the fitting hour,
Your muse will sing a subtle, magic strain ;
In human hearts will build a summer-bower,
And smile, on roses, at her former pain !

THE SAINT'S CALL FOR AID.

HOLY Father, holy Father,
Grant peace to our souls,
Grant joy to our hearts,
Oh, lighten our cares
And strengthen our hopes.

Holy Father, holy Father,
Creator of all,
Hearken our call !
There's a Foe on the wall,
Who doth our senses appall !
He is stalwart and tall ;

In his demon-like hand
See a flame-circled brand
On our thresholds will fall !

Holy Father, holy Father,
Protect us from him !
His name—it is Sin,
And the brand is the curse
That follows his touch !

Holy Father, holy Father,
Come to us, now ;
In anguish we bow ;
Our worship we vow ;
List to us! How
Can thy mercy allow
This Monster to stand,
With his curse in his hand
And contempt on his brow?

Holy Father, holy Father,
Grant us thy love ;
Grant us thy smiles ;
Heal thou, Sin's wounds,
And banish our grief !
Holy Father, holy Father,
Thou who art King,
Thy praises we sing ;
Our prayers we bring,
As Faith's offering !
Earth's burdens we fling
At the foot of thy Cross,
And count it not loss
On Thy strong Arm to cling !

THE SOUL.

WHY doth Man say, "I *have* a Soul?"
What is the "I" but inner consciousness
Of life superior to his state of clay?
Is the clay "I?" The outer figure all
That marks possession of acute faculties
To bide through Time, and never pass away?

The Soul is "I;" and when we idly say,
"I *have* a Soul," we reckon not the weight
Nor application of our words; nor how that we
Repeat a dangerous sophistry that may
Teach men, unthinking, to procrastinate
In reaching knowledge speedily!

Thou *art* a Soul; no Soul thou *hast*;
The clay is but the earthly tenement
In which that Soul is, for a moment, placed;
When we personify, the clay is cast
Forth from our minds, and but the soul is meant,
To which all individuality is traced!

Do you know me, or I know you ?
To say we know each other's clay is true ;
But Soul knows Soul save in their Spirit-home ;
Also, with truth, this sentiment is said ;
Not at this hour, but in years to come,
When their rude tenements of clay are dead !

The Soul can never die ; was never born,
But ever will be—blest, or shorn
Of e'en the glories that do now appear,
As it obeys or breaks Harmony's laws ;
Always existed, though in unknown sphere,
Like God, the Ruling Spirit, *ever* was !

The body dies, as do the trees and flowers,
But the Soul defies Death's giant powers ;
The body into dust dissolves, as lesser kind
Of living Nature ; yet the Soul lives on ;
Indeed, it joyously leaves earth behind
As loathsome dungeon—welcoming the dawn !

Each act thou doest on this earth
For evil or for good ; for worthlessness or worth ;

But aids or mars the beauty of the Soul ;
For on that Soul its lasting print is there !
Then, guard ye well the journey to the Goal,
And keep Life's Record radiant and fair !

SONNET.

'TIS a beautiful world that we live in,
Who says that it isn't, denies
Truth's evidence blazoned before him
On the earth and the seas and the skies !

'Tis a beautiful world that we live in,
God fashioned it all with His hand,
And He ne'er could have fashioned it homely,
With facilities at His command !

Go read the most simple inscription
To be met with on Nature's fair page,
And the rhythm of beauty embodied
In its language, your thoughts will engage !

'Tis a beautiful world that we live in :
Streams, meadows, and mountains and plains ;
Flowers, valleys, and birds ; yea, and forests,
And the cool, shady, picturesque glens !

'Tis a beautiful world that we live in,
And our voices should utter the praise
Of the God who, in mercy and kindness,
Thus brightened our fleeting earth days !

'Tis a beautiful world that we live in ;
Then, away with dull Care to the rear ;
Let us hope, in the midst of this beauty,
A *more* beautiful is to appear !

MY BOOK.

'TIS but a leaf upon the sea of reading ;
A tiny grain upon the shores of rhyme ;
A touch of down upon the wings of Learning,
That comes as harmless as the softened pleading

Of tender childhood at the feet of Time ;
A breath of ashes from the burning
Of roses, fuchsias, and wild daisies ;
A pearl set in the diamond crown of Art,
And timid as a maiden when the praises
Of Manhood's love first reach her heart
With hint of Eden and with hope sublime !

A PRAYER DURING THE YELLOW
FEVER PLAGUE.

OH, thou dear God ! Almighty God,
Who thus hath used thy chastening rod,
Look down and see us humbly kneel !
Behold our woe ; hear our appeal !

Thou knowest, in thy matchless ken,
The proper mode to deal with men,
Thou knowest best ; Thy holy mind
The ways and means hath well divined ;

And yet, oh Father, meekly we
Before Thy throne would bow the knee,
And, looking up to Heaven, pray
That this dread scourge may pass away !

When, in Thy wisdom, it shall be,
We leave, oh gracious One, to *Thee* ;
But, through our blinding floods of tears,
Through depthless gulfs of doubts and fears,

Through arid wastes of hot despair,
Through gloomy nights of grief and care,
We reach up, groping for Thy hands
To break the links of Sorrow's bands !

SONNET.

O H, burst into ripples of song, my heart,
And sever care's burdensome thongs apart;
Sing of Love, sing of Peace, sing of joy unto
man,
Sing of God, and His bountiful, glorious plan,
That was fashioned above ere the world began;
Sing of these,
If you please,
As we sit 'neath the trees
Our bosoms of trouble to ease, my heart!

What of Love, do you ask, you shall say, dear
heart?
Love's a frolicsome, saucy, arch fay, whose dart
Springing forth from the bow that she holds in
her hand,
Speeds away to the uttermost parts of the land,
And causes Mankind to obey her command;
With a smile
To beguile
As she prisons the while
Our souls in a pitiless style, dear heart!

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.*

L O, whilst I write, a lonely mound I see uprise
before me,
As recollections of the war, wave after wave,
sweep o'er me ;
'Twas on the field of Perrysville this brave life
met its ending,
Where noble men died
Side by side
Their native South defending.

I have it from the lips of one who fought through-
out that battle,
Amid the noise of cannon roar and bullets' deadly
rattle,
Who saw the scene and told to me the true and
touching story
Of this grand soul
Who yielded all
For Southland's fame and glory.

* As related to me, in conversation, by Howard Falconer, deceased, late of Holly Springs.

This noble man, this friend of mine, God ever
 bless and love him,
And shed the light of His dear face for evermore
 above him,
Was wounded in that dread affray and to the
 sick-bed carried,
 Where, many a day,
 In pain he lay,
'Twixt life and death long tarried.

But at length, one day, when the gloom of death
 that so long o'er him had hovered,
Was swept away, and the wound healed up, and
 he was safe recovered,
He, with some other comrades who, like him,
 had been afflicted,
 With bated breath
 To the Field of Death
His trembling steps directed.

And there beside this lonely grave, on this dread
 scene of blood,
Two women, in the greatest depths of bitter
 anguish, stood ;

Whilst *one* there was who o'er it stooped and
 bathed the mound with tears,
 Whose head was bowed
 In snow-white shroud
Of sorrow-silvered hairs.

She was no kin to him who slept beneath that
 mound of earth ;
She may not e'en have known the name of her
 who gave him birth ;
And yet the thought of her own son in some like
 grave unknown,
 O'erleaped the space
 Of time and place,
And made the strangers one !

And as the veterans slowly came and joined the
 stricken three,
From out the grave, two glovèd hands, clasped as
 in prayer, they see ;
A tiny mockery of the place, a hint of *other*
 things
 Far from the strife
 Of soldier life
And soldier sufferings.

Those glovèd hands ! Some carpet knight !
Some tender mother's pet,
In this lone place, on this dread field, this rugged
fate had met ;
And the One who wept o'er his remains did softly
touch each glove,
And, moaning, cried :
“ *Some* mother's pride,
Some mother's buried love ! ”

SONNET.

'TIS not the names of those who pen
Great sentences should be
Forever clad within the robes
Of immortality,
But Thoughts, themselves, e'en though
Their human authors die,
Should be, by right, alone
As fadeless as the sky !

I would content myself
To be unknown at death,
And never have my name
Be breathed by mortal breath,
If only whilst I live
Some idea I may write
That would survive my fate,
And shine forever bright !

THE STORY OF A WHITE ROSE.

SUGGESTED BY A SKETCH IN GODEY'S LADY'S
BOOK.

I AM a rose ; I was bought from the hand
Of an old blind man at his flower-stand,
By the meagre purse of a poor young man,
To play a part in his Christmas plan.
The next I knew I was in his home :
An humble house and a lowly dome ;

An aged lady was in the room,
Spreading a feast in the twilight gloom.

The lady said : "And is that for HER?"
I oped my ears with a silent stir,
For I knew that she referred to me
And what my future was to be.
"Yes," said the man, "you have guessed aright,
Mabel shall have it this Christmas night."
"My son," said she, "don't venture amiss,
Think you that Mabel is worthy of this?"

"Yes," said the son, "she is faithful and true,
And what she has promised will honestly do ;
She has pledged me her love, and I'll wager my
 life
She'll abide by those pledges and soon be my
 wife."

The old lady sighed as she bent o'er my breast,
And I was sure that a tear on my white petals
 pressed ;
"Remember, my son, don't venture amiss !"
And her pale lips met mine in a tremulous kiss.

Then her son took a pencil and paper and wrote,
In a quick, eager manner, the following note,
I peeped o'er his shoulder, and saw what he said,
And this is the way that his love-letter read :
“ My darling, my own, I present you a gift ;
Through our dark cloud of grief 'tis a sunshiny
 rift,
For I hope that your father will give unto me
As pure a white rose as I send unto thee.”

Then a stupor came over my senses and crept
Adown through my system. I shuddered and
 slept.

When my eyes were reopened, a change met my
 sight.

At my side was a lady all robed out in white.
The room I was in was as splendid and grand
As any e'er seen in the rich Fairy land.
And the lady was fairer and sweeter by far
Than even the beautiful Fairy queens are.

She was reading a note, and I saw by her face
That pleasure was linked with her natural grace,

And the writing, I knew, was the same I had seen
In the dark little cottage so scanty and mean.
Then a quick, manly footstep approached in the
hall,

The parlor door opened, I heard a voice call :
“ Mabel, my darling !” A passionate cry !
“ Hugh, oh, my loved one !” I heard her reply.

So Hugh was the one who had given her me,
And this was the Mabel who had promised to be
At some future moment his treasure for life,
A treasure unequalled—the treasure of wife.
“ Dear Hugh,” said the maiden, “ and what did
he say ?”

“ Sweet Mabel, my darling, he drove me away.
He told me our plans for the future were vain,
And ordered me never to see you again.”

“ Did Papa say THAT ?” asked the girl, “ well,
then, Hugh,
I’ll whisper a plan I have now got in view.
I’ll marry you anyhow. God will provide
For you and for Mabel, so I’ll be your bride.”

I looked 'round, at that, in a maze of surprise,
And saw the rich love-light gleam up in his eyes,
I saw his lips quiver, I saw him draw near
And clasp to his bosom his Mabel so dear !

And again the old stupor came over my soul,
I could not contend with its giant control ;
I felt a great deluge of dizziness pour
O'er my weak, shattered senses, and then knew
no more.

The next time I woke, the rich parlor had flown,
Like a dream of the night by the morning o'er-
thrown,
A pair of thin lips were pressed close to my face,
And I knew I was back in the old, homely place.

But I saw in a chair, drawn up close to the fire,
My mistress—sweet Mabel ; so I did not desire
To change my location, since she, too, was there,
Looking happy and cheerful, and dainty and fair.
And Hugh, at her side, just as tender and kind,
With a heart full of love and allegiance inclined
As a husband on earth ever—EVER could be,
Wore a smile on his lips that was joyous to see.

So, I knew that my mistress was queen there
alone,
And I knew that my master knelt low at her
throne,
And I knew that contentment, in that peaceful
realm,
Each care that invaded could swiftly overwhelm.
But the next Christmas came, and my master
grew poor,
E'en the gray wolf of hunger stood gaunt at his
door ;
His meek, humble homestead was offered for
sale,
And my fair, saintly mistress grew sickly and
pale.

And one night I observed her go out in the air,
With a look on her face that was hopeless de-
spair,
A look on her face I shall never forget,
So ghastly and livid, so rigid and set,
How long she was absent I never can tell,
But when she returned she fainted and—well

Hugh sat by the fire with a bundle in hand :
'Twas a waif that had wandered from Nobody's
land !

But the poor little waif did not like what he
found ;
So he moaned for awhile ; then he uttered no
sound,
And Hugh knew at once he had taken his flight,
To the mansion above on the wings of the night.
But my fair, dainty Mabel was sick unto death,
And I thought all that night to behold her last
breath,
So Hugh went away to her rich father's home,
And argued until he consented to come.

Then the secret was out. Our sick Mabel had
gone,
Through the cold and the snow, unattended,
alone,
To the home of her father to ask him for aid,
That the creditor's sale of her homestead be
stayed.

And the old man had driven her back from his
door,

Had harshly forbade her to come to him more,
Then cursed her for marrying against his decree,
And sent her back rudely to poor Hugh and me.

Yet when the old man saw her pitiful state,
His sorrow, remorse, and heart-anguish were
great,

And he vowed that if Mabel should only be
spared,

That all of his riches with her should be shared.

So, Mabel got well, and her father was true
To the deep, solemn promise he pledged to our
Hugh,

And she and her husband, his mother and I,
Went up from the hut to the palace close by.

And out to the wildwoods, they took me in
spring,

When the trees go a-budding, and birds blithely
sing,

And planted me down on the grave of their
waif,

To keep his last resting-place pretty and safe.

So here I am blooming ; and here I shall bloom
Till the last spark of life fades away in Death's
 gloom,
For often, in tears, and with sorrowful tread,
Come Mabel and Hugh to their rose and their
 dead.

SONNET.

THERE is that in me which emprompts to
 rise
Free and unhedged by thought of sin or wrong,
And with pure lips to kiss the holy skies
And flood the world with an eternal song !

The world is as a minstrel's harp to me,
The people in it, many chords ;
I touch the strings, yet fail to see
Hearts moved to music at my words !

Why is it thus? The strings are not awry,
Or crossed, or ill of shape, or falsely strung,
The Harp, in all its parts is right; yet I
Have seen the end of ev'ry song I've sung!

It may be that the fault is all mine own,
I will not have it that Mankind are wrong;
He who, in others, looks for faults alone,
Is apt to place them where they least belong!

There is a note that I have yet to find;
Unheeding haste has kept it from my sight;
Deep in its crypt 'tis sacredly enshrined;
Some day, a touch may bring it into light!

Then, pardon, friends, if I, in practicing,
That I may, at some future time, o'ertake
That wayward note, should slight annoyance
bring
By those dull discords all beginners make!

And when, at last, my final end shall come,
I trust my epitaph may not announce to you:
"Here rests a man, though honest in each sum,
Still leaves on earth *one* note unpaid and due!"

PARADEISOS.

ONE even I strolled by the side of a river,
That flowed proudly on o'er its rock-
covered bed ;
The leaves of the trees zephyr-kissed were aquiver,
And faintly the setting sun shone overhead.

The birds in the branches were chanting their
vespers ;
The ruminant herds were asleep in the shade ;
The harp of the woods uttered mystical whispers,
As if by the hands of some sylvan elf played.

The meadows about me were gleaming with
grasses,
As soft and as sheeny as velvet could be,
For naught can be found in cold Art that sur-
passes
Warm Nature bedecked in her fresh purity.

On the opposite side of the murmuring river
The cool, tangled depths of a forest were found,
Where, doubtless, the axe of the woodman had
never
Disturbed the calm peace with its echoing sound.

Thus strolling along by the side of the river,
Alone in the presence of Nature and God,
I suddenly felt a quick shock and a shiver,
And rested my form on the carpeted sod.

How long I had lain ere my senses came to me,
I never can say; for I knew not the hour;
The world that I woke in was not the same to
me,
As when I first fell 'neath the mighty shock's
power!

The meadows were gone, and the forest and
river;
The herds nevermore were reposing in shade,
The birds were aflow; e'en the blue sky above
me
Had vanished as if it had dimmed and decayed!

Yet the scene was alive with the presence of
people,
Bright, silver-winged Beings that flew through
the air,
And my vision was dulled by the grandeur of
beauty
That flooded the landscape, so perfect and fair !

Far away up in space were the gates of a city,
All brilliant and gleaming with purple and gold,
And from out those fair gates which were widely
cast open,
An unceasing strain of rich melody rolled.

In speechless amazement, I gazed on the splendor
Around and about me, behind and before,
Till, rousing my soul from its dreamylike stupor,
My wings were unfolded, and up I did soar.

Surprised at this freedom and vexed at my light-
ness,
I felt for my clothing of clay, but 'twas gone ;
And my spirit shone forth in such Heavenly white-
ness,
I knew that the Night had made way for the
Dawn !

As upward I flew, I was met by a spirit
Who hailed me in tones of the greatest of joy,
Who spoke to me words of glad welcome and
courage,
Saying, "Here is pure happiness, free from alloy!"

"Pray tell me," I cried, "what this fair country
is,
And the name of your city above?"
"This realm," he replied, "is the Eden of Bliss,
And yon city's the City of Love."

"Yet again, will you tell me," I pleadingly
asked,
"The name of yon spirits of air?"
"They are Souls," came the answer, "released
from their clay
And burdens of Earth-sin and care."

"And now will you give me an answer to this?"
Was the query I next did propound,
"What, what is this Heaven—this Eden of Bliss,
And is't near or is't far it is found?"

“ Oh, Mortal, the Earth is quite full of its creeds,
And many opinions are rife,
As to where is the glorious Garden of God,
And what is the blest Spirit-life.

“ Heaven, oh, Mortal, is ev'rywhere round you,
And could you but banish the scales
With which Earth's errors so closely have bound
you,
You'd see its fair, flower-strewn vales !

“ The space all about you is Heaven's dominions,
The air is its curtain and screen,
The winds that you hear are the breath of our
pinions
When flitting by, draped and unseen.”

“ But what,” said I, skeptical yet, and still
doubting,
“ Are the storms that so trouble Earth-life ?
If I grant that your wings make the breezes and
zephyrs,
What causes the tumult and strife ?”

“ Know, then, oh, thou Mortal, that Satan has
never

Yet given Jehovah the crown,
But struggles by frequent and fruitless endeavor
To break His supremacy down.

“ The dense, angry clouds are the aids he brings
with him,

To darken our fair Eden-skies,
To shadow the light of the City Eternal,
And baffle our sentinel eyes.

“ The pealing of thunder’s the clash of our
weapons

’Gainst those of the invader’s hordes,
The flashing of lightning’s the glinting and gleam-
ing
Of flame from our fire-circled swords !

“ The bold, fearless legions of Hades assail us,
We strive with their terrible forms,
And the battles we wage with our foes for the
kingdom

Is what ye weak Mortals call storms.

“Now, tell me,” he argued, “why should you
fear dying ?

For Death’s but the soft gentle hand
That raises the curtain of air so concealing
Your earth from our bright Spirit-land !

“The ones whom you loved whilst on earth you
were living,
Will know you and love you up here ;
Go back to the earth, calm thy every misgiving,
And wait till the Reaper appear !”

“But stay thee one moment,” imploring I urged,
“The gates of yon city are wide,
Let me journey on up, for of sin I am purged,
And enter therein at your side ?”

“The streets of yon city are closed to you Mor-
tals,
To spirits alone they are free ;
Thou canst catch but a glimpse of their beautiful
portals,
Till the Reaper hath visited thee.”

As he ceased, came the sound of the smooth flow-
ing river,
With the herds resting under the shade,
And the Harp of the forest once more was
aquiver
As if by some sylvan elf played.

And the birds in the branches were chanting
their vespers ;
The sun was aglow in the West,
And the breeze fanned my cheeks with the mys-
tical whispers
That came from the wings of the Blest.

The meadows about me were gleaming with
grasses,
The twilight was nearing apace,
The landscape was smooth and as placid as glass
is,
And fair as a seraphim's face !

Now, I breathe not the air, but I think of the
curtain

That shuts out the earth-clouded eye,
And I feel not the wind, but my senses are cer-
tain

To dream that some spirit goes by !

And I hear not the storm with its fearful uproar-
ing,

But I think of the struggle above,
For I know that the legions of Satan are pouring
Their wrath on the City of Love !

So I grope in the shadows, and wait for the morn-
ing,

And yearn for the Reaper's kind hand
To give me my share of the glories adorning
The beautiful, bright Spirit-land.

SONNET.

I TRUST this sonnet will not give vexation ;
Endeavor to do all the good you can in your
vocation ;
Let ev'ry moment speeding by record some deed
of kindness,
Some soul redeemed,
Some life reclaimed
From Superstition's blindness !

Steel not yourselves within yourselves for sordid
motives merely,
But let each Book of Life proclaim some nobler
record yearly ;
Sow goodly seed on goodly ground, with care
each day address it,
And the harvest great,
In golden state,
Will rise and call you blessed !

THE POET'S THREE SONGS.

THERE'S a nameless song that storms thro'
my mind,

Like the whirl of the wings of the Fiend of the
Wind;

It dashes and crashes

In life vivid flashes

With merciless force

In its pitiless course,

As it beats at the doors of my soul in its rage,
With the fervor of youth but the weakness of age,
And tells me of sorrow, of sin, and of crime,
And the false and the wrong of the ancientest
time !

There's a wordless song that floats on the air,
Like the softened notes of an infant's prayer ;

It blesses, caresses,

And soothes all distresses,

With the cooling palm

Of a Mighty Calm,

As it whispers low in the ears of my heart,
Bidding the Fiend of the Storm to depart,
As after the darkness the sunshine comes
In the hearts and the lives of stricken homes !

There's a peaceful song that kisses the breeze,
With the sweet, soft lips of saddened seas ;

It cheers our fears
As the Singer nears,
With His quiet grace,
And His gentle face,

As He knocks at the door of my life and says :
“ The night must follow the brightest days,
And the fairest dream must be cut in twain
By the glimmering ray through the window-
pane ! ”

IF YOU WERE I, WOULD YOU?

KIND Robin's hand is in mine own,
His breath upon my cheeks;
And my soul drinks in his every tone,
As tenderly he speaks.

His voice is low, like the moaning sea
As it laves the silver strand,
And his face is fair as the sunlight free
That streams from Eden's land.

His heart is pure as a babe's just born,
And his soul is brave and great,
His mind is firm as the mellow morn,
And his will as strong as fate.

He whispers low, in his voice of the sea,
And my heart is the silver strand,
On which its waves in melody
Keep time to his soul's command.

And an answer he craves as he clasps me near,
Kind Robin, so brave, so true !
I *could* tell him I love him, indeed, very dear ;
But—if you were I, would you ?

PROVE YOURSELF A MAN.

TO MY BROTHER.

YOU are going out in the world, John,
The world of doubts and cares ;
But prove yourself a man, my boy,
Don't fall into its snares ;
There'll be troubles you don't think of,
There'll be sorrow, anguish, pain ;
There'll be pleasures, too, temptations
Chanting their subtle strain ;
But, my boy, when they assail you,
Spurn them from you in disdain ;
If you shun them, they will leave you,
Never to come back again !

Yet, to conquer Sin and Satan,
You will need a Helping Hand ;
Man is but an erring mortal,
He cannot war with Pluto's band !

Therefore, boy, pray to the Saviour,
He in Heaven, answers prayer ;
Near the Father's throne now standing,
He awaits petitions there ;
He is ready—He is willing,
He is anxious you to aid ;
For you know, my boy, 'twas Jesus
Who unto you this hath said :
“ Ye that labor and are laden,
Do what for the soul is best :
Come to Me with all your burden,
I will give you peace and rest !”
So, my boy, when Satan tempts you,
Do not listen to his voice ;
If you shun him Christ will love you,
And your heavy heart rejoice !

THE YOUNG SUICIDE.

ONLY a beggar-boy,
Hopeless and sad,
Having no earthly joy,
Hungry—most mad,
Kicked about, cuffed about,
Having no friend,
Homeless and shelterless,
This is the end:

Father and mother, I come, oh, I come !

Only a beggar-boy,
Having no home,
Having no earthly joy,
Sadly, I roam
Over the wide world
Finding no rest,
Death and the grave,
I would sleep on thy breast,
Father and mother, I come, oh, I come !

WHAT WILL THEY SAY ?

WHAT will they say when I am dead,
When the yearning hopes that bind my
spirit here
Are lost in the mists of my dying bed,
And my rigid limbs are stretched upon the
bier,—

When every dream I cherish in this life,
Some of them finished, some but half begun,
Are snapped asunder by Time's cruel knife,
And Death and Destiny are one :

When from the light of day my soul departs,
Unto the gloom of endless void and space,
When blank oblivion from its cavern darts,
And settles like a pall upon my face ?

Will grieving friends prepare my shroud,
And robe me for my last, long, solemn rest,
Or will it be amid an unknown crowd
My hands are crossed upon my pulseless breast ?

And at the end when I am dead,
And crossed the bridge that spans the Never-
more,

When the last sad funeral rite is said,
And I am covered by the damp ground o'er,

Will prayers be said and tear-lit eyes
Upon my grave direct their tender gaze,
And trembling voices, lifted to the skies,
Proclaim submission by sweet songs of praise?

Will dear lips words of sorrow speak,
And loved forms o'er me, stricken bow,
Will tear-drops fall upon my pallid cheek,
Will kisses rain upon my marble brow?

When the tide of Life flows evenly along,
And joy excludes all thoughts of misery,
Will I be missed from out the merry throng,
And some still faithful heart remember me?

Or will my friends, forgetful, bar
Their hearts to memory's gentle plea,
And live for self too much by far
To ever pause and think of me?

Ah, well ! God knows ! This life is dark !
The shadow of a shadow steeped in shade !
And hope itself is but a mark
Of vainest folly, by ourselves displayed.

MY VALENTINE.

“WHAT a pretty little maiden !
Azure eyes and sunny hair !
Cheeks with roses heavy laden !
Did the fairies drop you there ?

“ Sure, I did not hear you coming ;
Why on earth are you so shy ?
Seems to me I hear a humming :
Fairy wings seem brushing by !

“ Come a little nearer, darling !
Nothing here will injure thee ;
What a dainty little starling,
Just as shy as she can be !

“ Won’t you tell me whence you came,
Who it was that brought you here ?
And I’d like to know your name ;
I’m so poor at guessing, dear ! ”

Thus I spake ; and when I ended,
Fragrance sweet my room did fill ;
Hyacinth and violet blended
With the golden daffodil.

And I thought all Heaven uttered
In her voice its love divine,
As into my arms she fluttered,
Whisp’ring, “ I’m your Valentine ! ”

DRIFTING.

WE are drifting with the tide, my love,
We are drifting side by side ;
Through deserts bare and meadows fair,
Through doubts and fears, and joys and tears,
We are drifting with the tide.

We are drifting with the tide, my love,
We are drifting side by side ;
With faith and trust in Jesus just,
With eyes most bright and hearts most light,
We are drifting with the tide !

We are drifting with the tide, my love ;
Our life is nearly o'er ;
And soon we'll feel a holy thrill
Of tranquil peace that ne'er will cease
Upon the endless shore !

Drifting ! Drifting !
Drifting with the tide !
Through Heaven's gate
We'll float in state,
Whilst drifting with the tide !

THE DOUBTING HEART.

A MAIDEN paused, with her work in hand,
And, heaving a gentle sigh,
“I wonder,” she said, “if unworthy I
Am really his choice of all the land?

I wonder if all his vows are sure ;
I wonder if his love is strong and pure ;
I wonder if no other face can lure

Him from my side ?

I know that he told me his love last night,
And vowed that he'd ne'er deceive ;
But yet, ah yet, I cannot believe
He was really in earnest quite !

I wonder if he loves me for myself,
And not for worldly gain or pelf ;
I wonder if he ever will forsake
His old love, and another take
To be his bride ?”

Cease, doubting heart ! A truth I'll tell,
That you may know
Your grieving woe

Is all unfounded ; for he loves you well !
Yes, loves you truly, with a heart
So full of faith, nor time can part,
Nor of envious ones the fatal dart
Can ne'er divide ;

His love is sure ; I heard him say—
And knew him true,
(And so do you)

Life was to him a weary day,
With anguish fraught and bitter pain
When you were gone ! Grieve not again,
Let Faith declare in gentle strain :
“Thou,
Only thou,
Wilt be his bride !”

TWO FRIENDS.

I HAD two friends ; and one was of a timid
soul ;

His was the wild fawn's heart that quailed at every
sound ;

A tender, gentle soul, that treasured solitude,
And shrank beneath the touch of anything un-
kind.

The other was a youth of bold and fearless mould ;
He breasted 'ev'ry storm and sorrow of his life ;
His was the valiant heart that vanquished ev'ry
ill ;

He loved the busy world, yet bowed not at its
beck.

They both had gifted minds, and, favored by the
Muse,

In fancy often roamed the Vales of Poesy !

And both made pretty wreaths of flow'rs that
grew therein,

Each bud became a Thought, and blossomed in
their hands ;

The one of timid soul, the nature of the fawn,
Was set upon by hounds, hounds in a human
 shape ;
He trembled, as they came with scowling features
 near,
And dropped his wreaths and ran without the
 lovely place !
The other still remained, with dauntless, hero-
 look ;
For ev'ry whine they made, he wafted them a
 rose,
And ever turned aside their wrath to no avail,
And garlanded his wreath regardless of their
 hate !

Years passed. The timid one died, as summer-
 leaves
When blown upon by fierce Autumnal winds ;
The other mounted up the golden stair of Fame,
And from its gilded fane smiled down upon the
 hounds !
And thus, to ev'ry soul that heedeth not the
 slur

By paltry natures cast to stain its garments white,
Time brings a rich reward, and yieldeth it a
crown

The shade of which will throw detractors out of
sight !

HOPE.

HOPE is of many kinds,
That it may reach all minds ;
There's hope of poet-fame,
And hope to wear the name
Of soldier, statesman, priest ;
And hope to be not least
Within the world of art ;
And hope to make some heart
A throne for Love to hold
And rule with wand of gold !

But hopes like these prove vain,
And often end in pain ;

For only *one* is sure,
Created to endure ;
This is the Hope that sings
Of supra-mundane things ;
That points beyond Earth's strife
To higher, better life
Where constant glories ope :
This is the crowning hope !

ONLY.

ONLY a little angry cloud
That darkens the azure sky ;
Yet that little cloud is but the shroud
Of death and misery !

Only a little breath of air
Fanning a vessel's sail ;
Yet that little air the evening fair
May end in a threat'ning gale !

Only a little hasty word
Spoken in anger's breath ;
Yet that little word, when often heard,
May wreck a soul in death !

Only a little cheerful smile
Driving our care away ;
Yet that little smile will oft beguile
Many a lonely day !

Only a mother's loving kiss ;
Only a duty done ;
Yet that little kiss the greatest bliss
Will be to an erring son !

Only a little helping hand,
Assisting in the strife !
Yet that little hand a soul may land
Safe in Eternal Life !

LOVE'S PETITION.

COME, love, let us go, for the moonlight
Is calling for you and for me ;
And out 'neath the silver stars shining,
I've something to whisper to thee !

Let us go where no ear may discover
The secret I then shall disclose ;
Where Night, weeping, softly bends over
The form of its darling, the rose !

'Tis a secret so pure and so holy,
None other must hear it beside
The one little maid of all maidens
Whom, some day, I want for my bride !

Will you come? Ah, yes, now I know it
By the blush and the trembling sigh ;
Will you hear me? I hope you'll show it
By making your answer, " Aye !"

WORDS.

A WORD is as a seed sown upon the harvest-
field of the mind ;
Sown by Discretion, gathered to the wisdom of
the world ;
Sown with careless hand, Negligence and Distrust
reapers thereof,
And these two last, coequal enemies of Confi-
dence and Thrift !

Wherefore, student of Wisdom, hearken my
teaching ;
Test it well in crucible of thine understanding ;
If it stand not the trial as pure gold,
But fades to dust as do the grosser metals
At the skilled touch of learned alchemist,
Then trust it not ! For words are index to the
mind ;
Subtle messengers the Soul sends forth
As couriers from the throne of Genius !

Arrows speeded from the golden bow of Thought,
Wielded by the arm and fingers of Intelligence,
Directed by the faultless eye of grave Discretion ;
A streamlet flowing from the fount of Wisdom ;
Fruit borne by everlasting Tree of Knowledge ;
The gentle channel through whose curves and
turns

Man holds his intercourse with Man !
Such are words when set to application
From the first ordained on high !

But a rankling wound ; a sharp-edged sword,
Cold, scathing, and remorseless ;
A bright flower running to decay,
And breathing loathsome Pestilence ;
Secret arrows poisoning the soul
And piercing heart-strings ;
Such are words, when hasty spoken
And applied without discretion !

Bethink, oh, Man, with all thy wisdom,
Thou canst not mend the workings of a word !
A word spoken can never be recalled,
Effect thereof may linger through all time !

At whisper of a word, the world was made,
And by a single word may be destroyed !

A wise man weighs his words before he speaks
 them ;

But fools are known by looseness of the tongue ;

A wise man repents a mistaken word,

But fools conceit upon their firmness ;

A wise man changes his mind,

And the words he uses to-day

To-morrow he may revoke

Under a strong sense of opinion ;

But a fool is obstinate under conviction !

Words are the gift of God ; yet they, when illy-
 used,

Produce but envy, hatred, malice !

And the end of these three is often Death !

How small art thou, oh, Man, that thy words

Should be the judges of another's conduct !

For who shall paint effect of sland'rous word ?

Spare not fair words of love, but eschew slander ;

Do not, for sake of idle word,

Reproach the record of thy neighbor !

Thou hast thine own to guard ; and words come
home,
And enemies may say :
“ Just is this application ! ”

Keep pure, therefore, the cloisters of thy
Thoughts,
That thy words may, likewise, savor of content !

WHEN WILL IT BE?

WHEN will it cease, this pain and fret,
This frequent worry, unrequited strife ;
This fruitless hope for what we cannot get,
This anxious yearning for a nobler life ?

When will it be that rest will come
For weary souls as precious manna sent
Like blessings down from God's bright home,
To teach us peace, to calm our discontent ?

When will it be that weary hands
In sweet repose shall quiet rest,
Or tired feet shall press the sands
Of Aiden's shores, forever blest ?

Oh, foolish heart ! In God's own hour,
All that is needful will be done ;
Though dark the storm-clouds o'er thee lower,
Between the rifts appears the sun !

TO LITTLE MAUD COLLIER.

JUST six years old, sweet Maudie is ;
Just six short summer-years ;
God grant her future life may be
As free from pain or fears,
As those dear six that have gone by,
So pleasant and so gay ;
God grant her life may merrily
Glide on as a peaceful day !

She has her tiny china doll,
All robed in white array,
And in the corner, quietly,
She sits her down to play ;
No trouble does she give Mamma,
She is so still and good ;
Not like the most of six-year olds,
Beset with changeful mood !

If anything gets out of place,
Without the usual cry,
Six-year old goes to Mamma's side,
Who puts her needle by,
And with her skilful fingers soon
She doth the ill repair,
And baby goes away in glee,
Freed from the passing care !

And when her Papa's work is done,
And he his weary feet
Is bending homeward, lo, he sees
Brave girlie in the street,

Undaunted by the rattling cart,
Or by the mooing cow,
Tripping along Papa to meet
And kiss his furrowed brow !

God bless this angel-child, I pray,
And bear her in His arms ;
Oh, may He safely shelter her
From Life's distressing harms !
And may her days glide on in peace,
Till she a woman grows,
And when Death brings, at last, release,
May she with Christ repose !

COMING.

CLOSE by the trysting-place long have I
waited,
While shadows of even draw rapidly near ;
To harsh disappointment why must I be fated ?
Oh, rose-hearted Lily, why don't you appear !

Soft through the tree-tops the south-wind is
 cooing ;
Peep through the leaves the first rays of the
 moon ;
What in the world can my darling be doing ?
Surely she'll be here to welcome me soon !

Far over land and o'er sea I have wandered
Since last I embraced her dear form to my heart ;
Many rich years of my life I have squandered
Away from my darling, afar and apart !

But now I've returned to the home of my child-
 hood ;
Still Lily's no more than a lassie, I ween,
And though I have lingered in East Indian wild-
 wood,
No love save mine own claims the heart of my
 queen !

Murmurs a brook with its low, silver singing,
Close at my feet, o'er its rock-gravelled bed ;
Hark, through the shadows, a sweet voice is
 ringing,
And I catch the soft fall of a fairy foot's tread !

Hark, o'er the sound of the flower-bee's humming,

The voice of my Lily floats out on the air :

“ My dear, darling Douglass, at last I am coming ;

Just wait ; in a moment I'll be with you there !”

Coming ? Yes, coming ! I see through the gloaming

The silvery sheen of her snow-white array ;

I see not her face, yet I know she is coming

To welcome me home from my travels, to stay !

Oh, Lily, my angel ; my pure, precious loved one !

God grant I may never your trusting heart grieve !

If there's a true woman on earth, you have proved one ;

God help me your faithfulness ne'er to deceive !

LINES.

THE greatest glory that a soul can gain
Is born of sin, and care, and pain ;
Without affliction, none can know
The peace of Heaven here below !

'Tis but by contrast we can see
The noble from the evil tree ;
For souls may fall, but yet may rise
And leave their imprint on the skies !

If man had always endless peace,
If life were crowned alone with bliss,
There would be, then, no need to fight
To win a crown of glory bright !

Condemn no man, because, perchance,
His soul is pierced by Satan's lance ;
That soul may rise, and from its fall,
Become a light to shine for all ;

And those who laugh, to-day, may live
To see a praising world forgive,
Or, else, may die, and others, yet,
His good may praise, his bad forget !

The will once strong but broken down
Shall swift repair the shattered crown,
And Honor, in a perfect rest,
Shall place her head upon its breast !

For he who falls, by falling knows
The many great, attendant woes
That follow in the footsteps broad
That press their seals on ruin's road !

So will he turn, in swift retreat,
With trembling heart and flying feet,
From such dread issue, to the place
Where safety lies in Christ's embrace !

For he who makes the sad mistake
His good intentions once to break,
Who suffers Sin to jeer and mock
At the trembling base of his soul's strong rock,

We have proven to the world, Ben,
What faith and love can do,
For, for fifty years and more, Ben,
We have each to each proved true !

So, now, we'll sit and wait, Ben,
Till Death come bye and bye ;
We've lived allotted life, Ben,
And soon we'll have to die ;
Yet we'll ever trust in Christ, Ben,
We'll ever kneel in prayer,
That when *this* life be over, Ben,
We may meet again up THERE !

There, where all is peace, Ben,
Where God and Jesus reign,
Where death can never come, Ben,
Where we'll be free from pain ;
Where we'll be young again, Ben,
And life be just as fair
As when in childhood's days, Ben,
We knew not grief or care !

Our boys have grown to manhood, Ben,
Our girls to womanhood ;
Have wandered far away, Ben,
And we're in solitude ;
Two boys sleep in their graves, Ben,
Upon the battlefield ;
For their dear Southland, they, Ben,
Gave all they had to yield !

Their captain sent us word, Ben,
Our boys, brave to the last,
Fought with the deadly horde, Ben,
That like a tempest passed ;
They died as only they, Ben,
Who die for patriot cause ;
And so we knew 'twas best, Ben,
And bowed to God's just laws !

So, now, within the gloom, Ben,
That eventide brings near,
The Reaper, kind, we wait, Ben,
Without one thought of fear ;
We know that, up above, Ben,
Our boys will greet us there,
And though our heads are gray, Ben,
Our hearts are young and fair !

AN HOUR.

HOW many events crowd into an hour !
The rush of war, the festival of blood ;
And, on the other hand, dark clouds may lower,
Then smiles the sun, with light aflood !
The life of one upon an hour may hinge !
A pardon is dispatched at pity's call ;
Messenger, haste, though the heat may singe
Thy face, ere the trap-door fall !

A maiden stands on the old kirk-floor,
Soon to be wed to a fiend for life ;
Fly, ere Time adds an hour more,
And save her from being a felon's wife !
A burning ship rides on the bay,
Fast yielding to the red flame's power ;
The welcome strand gleams o'er the way ;
God grant her crew but one more hour !

A man is sinking to last, long rest,
With only strangers at his side ;
Now, may moments be backward pressed,
For, in the distance, comes his bride !

Thus it is, ever, that life goes on ;
In an hour's time one's fate may change ;
Empires be lost, Republics gone,
And ev'rything happen, weird and strange !

Yea, the beggar's lot, in an hour's time,
May bloom with the glow of wealth ;
And the brazen cheeks of the son of crime
Be bright with a moral health !
Then let us all give thanks to God,
For His mercies to Mankind ;
In an hour, we sleep beneath the sod,
An hour, and our senses blind !

SONNET.

O H, beautiful bird, that chanteth the praise
Of thy Maker with voice so rare ;
Is it thy mission to brighten Man's days,
And banish, with music, his care ?

Art thou some Spirit or radiant Vision
Hath wafted thy way from the sky,
On a purpose of pity from meadows Elysian,
To visit such sinners as I?

Then, sing on, fair bird; thy wings I'd not
fetter,
Nor seek to imprison thy form;
In my heart I acknowledge that I am thy debtor,
And my love shall protect thee from harm!

Yea, sing on, fair bird; on the wings of thy
music
My care and my sorrow take flight,
And my soul, looking up, in calmness to Heaven,
Almost sees its grand pinnacles bright!

HOME.

HOW fair is home unto the trav'lers heart,
When he with strangers hath sojourned;
When of the world he formed a busy part,
How hath he for home-quiet yearned!

The palace of the wealthy man hath not
A warmer place within *his* breast,
Than hath the humble, log-walled cot
Of him who hath it long possessed !

As dear to the poorer man his chair
Cane-bottomed, and his pipe of clay,
As the Turkish divan, soft and rare,
To whom with meerschaum puffs away !
As dear to the poorer man his wife
In her calico new and neat,
As the wife to him, who in daily life
Sees silks his vision greet !

As dear to the poorer man his child
Who can never ride but walk,
As the son that boasts a charger wild,
And can Greek and Hebrew talk ;
For Home and home-gods entwine
Themselves about each heart,
With a clasp that is so divine,
There is naught can make them depart !

ALL FOR THE BEST.

WHAT though to-day be sown with thorns,
With thistles, with sadness and sorrow ?
Gloom is prescribed, and Grief hath bounds,
And the sun will shine to-morrow !
What though our souls are sad, to-night,
And, when we should be at rest,
Are recounting the events of the day that is gone,
Our troubles and trials, and the scoff and scorn
Of departing old friends—it is all for the best !

What though thy heart should oft be faint,
Thy brightest day be clouded ;
What though Imagination's fairest tint
By disappointed Hope be shrouded ;
Remember that the greatest fear
Begets, oftentimes, the greatest rest ;
Though Sorrow come, still God is near,
Affliction is but for the best !

This world is as a great school ; and here
We prepare for the life to come ;
'Tis only by affliction and sorrow and pain
We're fitted for heavenly home ;

God knows, just right, the amount of woe
Each soul can stand, upbearing ;
And these trials are but as a “furnace of fire”
Our souls for eternity preparing !

God knows how weak and how sinful we are,
How fickle and false by nature ;
And so, he'll mete out no more nor less
Of sorrow to living creature,
Than will be for the best of that Being's soul,
Assisting to gain the long-desired goal,
A haven, a Heaven, an Eden of rest,
The home of the Happy, the peace of the Blest !

SONNET.

CAN it be that those departed
Into realms of endless bliss,
Recollect the broken-hearted
Left behind ; or ever miss
Them from their side ?

Do they ever wish to have them
Up above, forever near,
Safe from ev'ry sin and trial,
Safe from ev'ry doubting fear,
Safe within the Golden City,
Free, at last, from earthly harms,
Nestling close, for endless ages,
In the Saviour's loving arms
Opened wide?

MY DARLING.

(DEDICATED TO MY WIFE.)

BLEST be the eve that made thee mine !
The moon and stars did smile and shine,
And fresh flow'rs bloomed on ev'ry side,
When thou went forth to be my bride,
My darling !
Fair Nature's harp was all atune
That sweet, sweet night in balmy June,
And naught was wrong or illy-placed,
For perfect Peace the landscape graced,
My darling, my darling !

Thy voice excelled the singing birds,
As, soft and low, thy gentle words
Gave thee to me to be my wife
Through all the changing scenes of life,
 My darling ;
Thy face was fairer than the flowers
That peeped from out Elysian bowers,
And, purer than the sky, thy soul
Gleamed with the glow of God's control,
 My darling, my darling !

Yes, thou art mine, beloved one ;
Mine till the race of life is run ;
For ev'ry throb of thy heart is mine,
And knit to my very soul is thine,
 My darling ;
God grant that I may always be
A faithful mate, my wife, to thee ;
That I may ever upward aim
Until I wear a spotless name,
 My darling, my darling !

In each fair face I see thine own ;
In each soft voice I hear thy tone ;

In all that's pure on earth, I see
Some subtle hint or glimpse of thee,
My darling;
And, peeping through my daily task,
(A sweet face 'neath a homely mask),
The thought of thee in under tone,
Relieves the hours, long and lone,
My darling, my darling !

For when my morning's work is done,
How eager do I hail the noon,
Because it bears me home to thee,
Where thou art waiting, all for me,
My darling;
And when my evening's labor, too,
With wearied brain, at last, is through,
How willingly I greet the night,
That brings thee once again in sight,
My darling, my darling !

Whate'er the world of me may think,
Whate'er its ills from which I shrink,

Whate'er of scorn it gives me part,
I have a refuge in thy heart,

My darling ;

For thou art all the world to me,
A world of love and sympathy ;

I court not either scorn or praise,
Since thou art mindful of my lays,

My darling, my darling !

God grant the soothing hand of time
May softly touch my feeble rhyme,
And add a greater force and fire
To what my weak Muse doth inspire,

My darling ;

So that, at last, in future years,
Disrobed of anxious doubts and fears,
I, love, may come, and, kneeling down,
Place in thy hands a Poet's crown,

My darling, my darling !

I know that the way is dark ; I know
That untold thousands have found it so ;
I know that the rocks are rough that rest
Between the vale and the mountain crest,

My darling ;

I know that the road is strewn with tears
That gush from the heart of anguished years ;
I know there are depthless gulfs of sighs,
Wrung from the lips by the worldly-wise,
My darling, my darling !

And yet I fain would walk therein !
Welcome the woes that erst have been ;
Welcome the griefs, the doubts, the fears,
Welcome the floods and floods of tears,
My darling ;
Welcome the torn and bleeding hands ;
Welcome the jealous stings and brands ;
Welcome the aching heart and brain,
If but at last the goal I gain,
My darling, my darling !

THE DYING CHILD.

A LITTLE child lay dying, and her friends
were grouped around,
To give a last fond greeting ere her soul was
Heaven-bound ;

But her gaze was calm and tranquil ; Death for
her possessed no pain ;
For she would a crown immortal in eternity obtain !

Yea, her faith was firmly hopeful, and sincerely
true her love ;
For she knew that soon with angels she'd rejoice
in realms above ;
Realms of joy, where grief nor sadness never
more could blight her heart,
Where the Saviour's love forever would the
greatest bliss impart !

Hence she gave them all a greeting, bade them
weep for her no more ;
She was neither dead nor dying, she was only
gone before ;
She was only gone before them to prepare for
them a home ;
So she bade them all be patient till the end of
life should come !

Bade them not to mourn her leaving, not to
yield to grief or pain ;
Up in Heaven, with the angels, she would see
them all again ;
Then the little voice grew feebler ; feebler yet
and fainter still,
And—the sweet young life is over ; weep not,
for 'tis Heaven's will !

LOVE : BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

I SING of a Thought that was born with the
world,
Ere the world was the world as the world we now
see,
Ere the beloved of All the young Morning un-
furled
O'er the sombre-hued clouds of Uncertainty !

'Tis a Thought that was old when yet Time was
a child ;

'Tis a Thought that was young when yet Time
became old ;

'Tis a Thought that is freighted with bliss, yet
its smile

Bringeth tears to the one who that Thought
would enfold !

'Tis a Thought that seems certain, when uncer-
tainty most

Holds the sway of the heart that that Thought
thus enslaves ;

'Tis the Thought of an Eden, yet the Breath of
the Dust

Of the Earth circles round that sad heart as it
craves !

'Tis a Thought that has cheered both the Weak
and the Strong,

The Proud and the Humble have each felt its
sway ;

Like the chaff by the wind it is driven along,

Like the doe that is frightened, it speedeth away !

'Tis a Thought that Men yearn for and pray for
and cry for,
Until they, perchance, the gay bauble have got,
When the Thought that they once were so willing
to die for,
Possession has caused them to wish they had
not !

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

THE tired earth has gone to sleep,
And darkness reigns through space ;
For the Man in the Moon has not, as yet,
Aroused from his resting-place ;
All eager wait the flowers rare
For a touch of silken light,
And the Fairies watch, in lonely glen,
For the fair Queen of the Night !

The Man in the Moon, he rubs his eyes,
As he springs from his downy bed ;
And yawns as, I can well surmise,
Does little Miss Curly-head !

He does not relish himself to dress,
Or to bathe his merry face ;
For to such little duties does, I guess,
He yield with an awkward grace !

But then, the Man in the Moon is not
To be blamed for such bad ways ;
Each little child in palace or cot,
To spring from bed, delays ;
They do not like their dear mammas
To bathe their faces sweet,
Nor do they like to be enrobed
Within their dresses neat !

At length, the Man in the Moon is dressed,
Is bathed, and his fat, round face
By weariness no longer is oppressed,
And he puts things in their place ;
He beats up his bed, for he has no wife,
And he sweeps out his kitchen-floor,
He dusts his chairs and the mantel-piece,
And he opens window and door !

For a jolly soul is the Man in the Moon,
A bachelor old is he ;
But his heart is light, and his merry face
From wrinkled care is free ;
He lives in peace, and when buttons come off,
Or a rent appears in his dress,
He takes his needle and mends the ill,
Without any frown, I guess !

Now, he rakes the ashes from off the coals
That have slumbered since night before,
And he places a heap of kindling-wood
Their bright-red bosoms o'er,
And kneels him down on foot and hand,
With tireless breath doth blow,
Till from the chimney's top, a strand
Of curling smoke doth go !

Next, kettles and pots are brought to light,
And to his larder, next, he hies ;
Yet soon returns with his arms filled up
With sufficient of his supplies ;
And presently he sits him down,
Of content, a perfect type,
And eats his meal ; then, on the porch,
He smokes his cheerful pipe !

And now the landscape floods with light,
Fairies come out and dance,
The flowers unclasp their petals bright
To be pierced by each liquid lance,
For the Moon has come, at last, at last,
With the stars to bear her train,
And the darkness of the Night is passed,
And joy and radiance reign !

SONNET.

CUPID, one day,
In battle's array,
Sailed forth to conquer girls' hearts,
But sad to declare,
He did not beware
Their flatteries fair,
And, by aim misapplied,
He was struck in the side,
And wounded, himself, with his darts !

For love is perverse ;
And, what is much worse,
Is doubtful, perplexing and blind ;
It aims in the dark,
Seldom hitting its mark ;
Like the fleet soaring lark,
In life's morn it doth sing
As it flits on the wing,
But at Night, in a hush, is reclined !

TO MY FATHER.

BELOVED sire ! To thee my heart is grateful,
For all the blessings lavished at thy hands ;
Thou hast been true to me through my career so
fateful,
And thy dear self my very soul commands !

Could I but paint, with pen, a saint seraphic,
And give him virtues that but angels see,
That form, howe'er so perfect-wrought and
graphic,
Would be but a faint portrait, sire, of thee !

Thou art of nature, gentle, kind and loving ;
Yet firmness and true courage are thine own ;
On battlefield thy love for Southland proving,
Thou sacrificed what time cannot atone !

A limb thou added to the patriot's tree,
Whose roots, ofttimes, are fed with human blood ;
Oh, may that sacrifice the link e'er be
To bind thee to thy country's softest mood !

Thy years are reaching up unto the summit
Of Life's rugged mountain, bare and steep ;
The sentinel of half a century
Doth still o'er thee his tireless vigils keep !

And yet thou art, my sire, but in thy prime ;
Fate has, in this respect, been kind to thee ;
Thou hast been gently touched by Father Time ;
Oh, may'st thou many more years see !

I only hope that when *my* life is o'er,
And all on earth for me has ceased to be,
When I have sailed unto the hidden shore,
My mourners may compare me, sire, to thee !

TO A PLAGIARIST.

SAY, what advantage does it give one
To use fair language not one's own ?
No well-read man will e'er believe one,
And all one's hopes of fame are gone !
Dull plagiarist, indeed, 'twere better
If thou hadst gi'en the author's name,
And not have stolen every letter,
And robbed some bard of hard-earned fame !

The world of thought is vast, and why not,
If flowers rare escape thy feeble pen,
Pluck up the ones that blossom within thy lot,
And leave the grander ones to better men ?
Do what thou canst ; then, if thy frail endeavor
Return thee not an hundredfold increase,
Originality is thine, which ever
Will bring to thee its modicum of peace !

A BACHELOR'S REFLECTION.

THE song is the same,
And so is each word ;
Yet my soul is not stirred
By a thing so tame !

There's a difference, here,
Which I plainly note ;
Ugh ! That singer's throat
Is catarrhed, I fear !

Now, why will such sing
That master-lay !
Small minds but prey
On what greater minds bring !

There's one I know
Who used to come
In the twilight gloom
Of the Long Ago,

And sing that song
All perfectly ;
But now—ah, me !
I was rash and wrong,

And she is wed,
Whilst I grope on,
Life's pleasures gone,
And hopes all dead.

At last, it is o'er ;
The song is done !
The singer has won
My thanks, if no more !

And now, I'll stir
From my snug retreat,
Rise to my feet,
And compliment her ;

For such is the way
Of the world ; it can lie
For society's sake, and I
Its whims obey !

DEAF.

O H, God, and can it be
That what I'm told is so?
That Sorrow's hand has smitten me,
With an eternal woe?
The surgeon says the ball that came
From Northman's smoking gun,
Cutting the air like flakes of flame,
The cruel work has done !

'Tis true I courted this, when I
Left home, wife, children, all,
Perhaps upon the field to die,
To answer Southland's call ;
But better were death, by far, than this ;
Better the soldier's grave,
Than to be robbed of all earth's bliss !
Such is the fate of the brave.

Well remember I the last sweet sound
That fell athwart mine ear ;
Sweet—though the scene around
Was one to foster fear ;

Sweet, because it was the last
That e'er will come to me more ;
I can but live on the voice of the past,
And the sounds that have gone before !

'Twas the voice of my chieftain that bade
Myself and my comrades go
And break the Yankee ranks that laid
So many of our brethren low.
We started ; reached about half-way
Across the deadly space,
When, in the midst of the affray,
A bullet struck my face !

I fell ; but my men rushed on ;
I heard not a whisper more ;
The sense of hearing forever gone,
Drowned in the cannon's roar !
I fell ; but the surgeon took
A pencil from his coat,
And, tearing a leaf from out a book,
The success of our soldiers wrote.

That was the last ; and now,
In hospital here I lie,
Counting the time with knitted brow,
As the leaden hours go by ;
Counting the time till I can leave
The camps for awhile, to be
Blest with a brief but glad reprieve,
With my wife and children three !

Wife and children ! Oh, my God,
To think that, though so near,
I might as well be 'neath the sod,
Because I cannot hear !
Deaf ! And their accents fair
Are lost forevermore to me ;
Deaf ! And my life is bare,
And girt with misery !

Never the prattle of innocent child
To break my solitude ;
Only to know by its face, when it smiled,
The joy that sways its mood ;

Never to hear on earth again
Their little songs of glee ;
As often, in the past, they came
And sang upon my knee !

Never the voice of angel-wife
To bid care disappear ;
Shadowed the future of my life ;
Oh, God ! I cannot hear !
'Twere not so bad, if I had not
Once had the precious gift ;
But now have clouds engloomed my lot,
Without, of light, one rift !

And yet, great One, thy will is so !
Frail man is but of dust !
Forgive me, if in depths of woe,
I deem thy ways unjust ;
Forgive me ; and I will essay
To prove my faith and love ;
And bend my heart to go the way
Thou leadest from above !

Think not, dear Lord, I do rebel
Against Thy wise decree ;
This blow that my young life befell
Came near to crazen me !
For I would be both deaf and blind,
If so it might please Thee
To be toward fair Southland kind,
And let her sons go free !

A STORM AT NIGHT.

THE day had long since paled,
And night, with its dusky gloom,
O'er all the world prevailed,
Like a faint type of the doom
Of deeper night that will,
In coming days, sweep o'er
Bright meadow, plain, and hill,
And shroud them evermore !

The trees their forms uprear,
Tall sentinels they seem ;
And twinkling stars appear,
And all is fair as a dream ;
While the sighing wind that sighs
Lost Eurydice's fate,
Hints not of the dread surprise
That doth the world await !

But hush ; let Laughter stay,
And Song pause, half unsung ;
Lips be no longer gay,
For the God of Storm hath sprung
From his lair, where long he hath
Observed the scene so bright
And yearned with a heart of fiercest wrath
To wither it with his blight !

Anon, his dusky cloak he throws
Across the shrinking sky,
And the vivid flash of lightning shows
His chariot passing by !

On, on he comes, and the stars grow pale,
And vanish away from sight ;
The moon, with fright, his form doth hail,
And screens from his heartless might !

The trees behold their master's face,
And humbly bend their heads ;
The Winds speed on with brisker pace,
As Thunder with Lightning weds ;
And now some tree, rebellious grown,
Still standing, mocks each dart ;
But the Storm-king, from his chariot-throne,
Bids Lightning cleave his heart !

Now, Thunder beats his martial drum,
As his monarch bids him do ;
And a host of Winds from chaos come,
A reckless, maddened crew ;
Their master waves his hand, and they
Chant forth their music wild,
Destruction o'er the Night hath sway,
Where once Contentment smiled !

At length, the Storm-king has swept by ;
His chariot-wheels no more
Roll their swift way adown the sky,
And the Thunder's loud uproar
Is naught save a mutter now and then,
The Lightning sheathes its dart ;
The Winds subside, and the gentle Rain
Pours balm on Nature's heart !

THE YELLOW FEVER PLAGUE.

I WILL sing you a song of the terrible plague
That breathes on the air its foul, pestilent
 breath,
That brings nothing but woe
Wheresoe'er it may go,
Whose mission's the mission of death !

In a dead
Hour of dread,
Hark the tread
Of the red,

Flame-throated Prestige of Ill !

Like the fall
Of a pall
Over all ;
Like the shroud
Of a cloud,
Thunder-ploughed ;
Like the hand
Of a brand
Devil-planned ;
Like a mist,
Demon-kissed
At Hell's tryst,

It smothers out life at its will !

It flies
Through the skies
On the wings of the air ;
The wail of its victim is heard everywhere,
It doth clasp
In the grasp
Of its fatal embrace
The fairest,
The dearest,
The loveliest face !

Hark !
In the dark
Of the night,
A toll
For the soul
Of some plague-smitten wight ;
Hear the sound
Rolling round
On the air !
Hear the note
From the throat
Of Despair !
Nearer and nearer,
Clearer and clearer,
Higher and higher,
The metal-tongued choir,
From the solemn church spire,
Peals forth its mass for the dead ;
Then, slower and slower,
Like the dim, dying roar
Of the tide as it ebbs far away
from the shore,
Till it's heard no more,
And the whole of its message is said !

Hark !
In the dark,
Hear the tread
Of those
To repose
Bearing the form of their dead !
See the flare
And the glare
Of each torch !
See the slow
Onward flow
Of their march !
Nearer and nearer,
Ghostlier, drearer,
Ghastly and dim
Like a face in a dream,
In the torchlight grim
They bear their burden on !
Then, dimmer and dimmer
The torchlights glimmer,
One faint, dying shimmer,
And the crowd is gone !

Hark !
In the dark,

A prayer
For the dead
Swiftly said,
Falls on the pulseless air !
Hear the thud
Of the sod
In the grave !
See the mound
Moulded round,
Like a wave !
Higher and higher,
The torches' fire,
A funeral pyre,
Flickers like pillars of flame !
Then a farewell song,
Like a chant is sung,
By the ghostly throng,
And they go back whence they came !

I have sung you the song of the terrible plague,
That breathes on the air its foul, pestilent breath ;
That brings nothing but woe,
Wheresoe'er it may go,
Whose mission's the mission of death !

TO MY MOTHER.

THE whole fair realm of Poesy contains
No theme more lofty or sublime,
Than that maternal ; and no proper strains
Have taught its beauty in befitting rhyme ;
It is, indeed, a theme that should inspire
The grandest efforts of the muse ;
Should flood with harmony its magic lyre,
Each human bosom to enthuse !

My mother ; thou in whose fair keeping
God did intrust my infancy and youth,
On whose pure breast I lay, in young days,
 sleeping,
Who reared me in the paths of truth,
Who took my tiny hand and safely guided
My ev'ry step along life's thorny way,
Who praised my good deeds and my evil chided,
I dedicate to thee, in love, this lay !

Well do I remember many happy hours
Within the far and dim enshrouded past,
Of childhood joys, life's richest, fairest dowers,
Too beautiful and pure to last,

When thou, all kindness and devotion,
Poured balm upon my every trivial woe,
Or thrilled my eager heart with glad emotion,
At stories, which thou whispered to me low !

And when, in older years, I passed through child-
hood,
And climbed the rosy stairway of my youth,
Still didst thou lead me through life's ev'ry wild-
wood,
And plucked for me the flowers of pure truth ;
Yes, garlanded a bouquet of fair roses,
White Honesty the centre of it made ;
And he is wrong who for a nonce supposes
I suffered once that perfect wreath to fade !

And when I older grew, and into Manhood,
Flushed with the glory of young days,
I took my eager feet, thou, still beside me,
Didst strive to fashion out my ways ;
I love thee, mother, and I shall endeavor
To repay the debt I owe you ev'ry sum ;
But much I fear to cancel it I never
Will be able, in this life or that to come !

Yet, mother ; aye, the best of mothers, thou ;
Accept this tribute I here proffer thee ;
My pen is feeble, as you must allow,
And so you must a little partial be !
But know I hold, deep in my bosom, hid
From human eyes, an image bright and fair ;
Couldst thou but see my heart, and ope its lid,
Thou'dst find thy features treasured there !

SONNET.

IN RESPONSE TO THE QUERY : “ WHAT MAKES
YOU WRITE POETRY ? ”

I WISH to write that I may do some good,
May sow pure seed upon a fruitful soil ;
So, that at last, I shall be understood,
And count as nothing all the time and toil !

I wish to live and write, so that, at death,
When life and all its ills are o'er,
Good men may say, with one, united breath,
“ The loved—the honored—is no more ! ”

I wish to do some good before I die,
To make amends to God for gift of life,
And not to suffer His five talents lie
Neglected 'mid this worldly strife !

Imperfect parts make, sometimes, perfect wholes,
And my crude pen may not receive a slight,
When battling for the good of mortal souls,
And thus I live, and thus I feebly write !

CHECKMATED.

SO, darling, at last I have purchased the ring ;
And I've taken my first leisure moment to
bring
And present it to you, the best woman on earth,
A token of love and a tribute to worth !

You see that the crops have been backward, this
year,
Or else I'd have offered it sooner, my dear ;

My first funds, you know, went to cancel my
debts ;

But the love that is true, Rose, never forgets !

How happy the day when you first crossed my
path,
As flashes the rainbow through dark clouds of
wrath ;

How different my life from the way it was then !
How love lights the hearts of the loneliest
men !

You came like an Angel—a Vision of Light—
And burst, like a glorious Dream on my sight ;
My old life was changed ; through the gates of
the new,

I saw but one object, and that, love, was you !

Here ! Give me your finger ; let's see if it fits !
(How timid and silent my modest love sits !)

Here ! Give me your finger ! The first one, you
know :

Don't let me kneel down here and plead with
you so !

What's that you have muttered? Oh, Rose, did
you say
That the love you once gave me you've taken
away?
That you think it is time that this nonsense was
o'er,
And you never could marry a green country
bore?

That you used me alone for convenience sake,
And you don't think, indeed, I've a heart that
will break?
You only were fooling? And hope I'm not
hurt?
And you think I'd better not kneel in the dirt?

So! This is your game, eh, most charming of
girls?
With your forehead of snow and your clustering
curls!
Go back to your city, and boast, if you can,
The "conquest" you made of an old married
man!

My wife and my children are gone on a trip,
And I thought I would just for the time-being
 slip
Out of my shackles, and—hallo ! Are you mad ?
By jingo ! I think I have beaten you bad.

LINES.

(WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.)

LADY, thou hast a winsome face,
A heart of purest gold ;
A faultless form of regal grace,
A mind of matchless mould ;
A soul so great and broad and grand,
So white and pure within,
That Angels, shamed, before thee stand
In livery of sin ;
And when a pass through Heaven's gate
The Peri tried to gain
By searching what in earthly state
Was free from blight or stain,

Hadst *thou* but lived, she would have caught
The shadow of thy soul,
And, swift as speeds electric Thought,
Have gained the blessed Goal !

THE SOUTH TO THE NORTH,

RETURNING THANKS FOR CONTRIBUTIONS RE-
CEIVED AND SERVICES RENDERED DURING
THE EPIDEMIC OF 1878.

THE Land of the Tropic Flower, the Land of
the Palm and Pine,
The Land of the Orange golden and the white
Magnolia's pride,
Low knelt, in a doomful hour, at the foot of a
Despot's shrine,
As if by a bond beholden that was never to be
defied !

And her offspring withered by legions, gray Age
and blooming Youth,
Grave Matron and fair Maiden, proud Sire and
gifted Son ;
All over her agonized regions gaunt Fever ruled,
meagre of ruth,
And the wings of the wind were laden with the
dirge of the havoc done !

Ah, never was War so cruel, and never was scar
so deep,
As the one that the sword of Fèver engraved in
a fadeless mark ;
Would the Southern pen add fuel to the flames
that silent sleep ?
Would it be th' implacable lever to brighten their
dying spark ?
Nay ! We swear by the bravest and best of those
who as victims did fall,
The chasm that Civil Strife made we will fill with
our Pestilence-dead !
For the North and the East and the West replied
to our desolate call ;
They came with their bountiful aid in reponse to
the prayers that were said.

They came as the chronicles show that Hercules,
fearless and strong,
To the succor of Hesione went, in the toils of a
Monster of Sea ;
And, as Hercules baffled his foe to protect fragile
Beauty from wrong,
Even so did they, bravely intent, cause our Mon-
ster to tremble and flee !
Lo, the newly-made Hesione falls at the feet of
her Hercules grand,
And sprinkles those feet with the tears that gush
from her amorous eyes ;
Her Memory, chastened, recalls the favors re-
ceived at his hand,
And, proclaimed by the Voice of the Years, her
gratitude ever will rise !

Yea, the gleams of the battlefield's sword have been
dulled by the Scythe's brighter gleams,
And the sound of the harsh cannon's boom has
been lost in the sound of her grief ;
And now that the friendship implored sheds forth
its rich, magical beams,
We hope that from War's dismal gloom we have
found an abiding relief !

Then, pledge us your trust and your love ! Then,
bury the ashes of Hate,
And let us begin life anew as before we had entered the War ;
Let us float but one banner above ! Let us have
but one mission—one fate ;
Let us each to the Union be true, and Sectionalism abhor !

GLENABBE.

FROM early boyhood, I was wont to roam
About old places ; every curve and turn,
Each moss-grown cornice of some ancient dome,
Each mouldering pillar, and each shattered urn
Were but the hidden outlet to my mind
Of thoughts suggestive, and a flood of light
Dashed from the mists of centuries behind,
And hid the present from my sight !

Thus would I leave the madding crowd
That ebb'd and flow'd with ever-ceaseless force,
To go where sylvan Nature silent bow'd
In adoration of her Maker's course ;
Not that I search'd alone for happiness ;
For that were vain, indeed, on earthly shore,
Not that I lov'd the world's companions less,
But that I lov'd the world's seclusion more !

So train'd I thought ; till at the least emotion
The floodgates open'd and the tide pour'd in ;
Nothing so small but it possess'd its portion
Of power to please, to woo and win.
At such dear times, the world was lost to me,
The acts of tenderness and hate unknown ;
The smile of joy or tear of misery,
Or scorn or praise, alike, were one !
The sun might shine, but I not see !
The birds might sing, but I not hear ;
My soul drank in a hidden melody,
And Earth was Eden, Adon Ai near !
Nor did I deem the task at all laborious
Of training thought to reverence command ;
Immortal mind is man's most glorious
Birthright from Jehovah's hand ;

His mind, his soul ; so, if he cherish one,
He helps the other ; he cannot decide
To cling to one—the other shun
Whilst its coequal's deified !
Then, if he train his mind till it be great,
His soul is likewise great, and he above
Performing deeds becoming humbler state,
And honors God with Christly love !
One thing alone can make a man's soul great,
And that is cultivation ! Fertile land,
True, may be rich in its primeval state,
Yet it requires a skilful hand
To bring it to perfection ; so the soul
Requires attention ; leave land alone,
Without submitting to the plough's control,
Without a furrow made or seedling sown,
What brings it forth but weeds and tares,
And thistles cumbering the ground ?
So with the soul ; leave doubts and fears
To compass intellect and soul around,
And intellect will change to night,
And soul to brutal passion ;
Thus hath the laws of Nature, modelled right,
From Heaven's birth, proclaimed the fashion !

And some were there who called me cold,
Who gazed with leering looks into my eyes
To read my secrets, as if I controlled
A something hidden from the worldly-wise ;
And they contemned me ; they were those
Whose souls, themselves, were undergrown ;
Who were so little, cramped, and close,
Their smallness hid the greatness of my own !

So, thus, with scarce a friend, my youth ran out
Unto its riper opening ; the blooming world,
With its seeming pleasures, pains, and doubt
Spread out before me like a map unfurled ;
And I am none who passive sits and grieves,
And nurses idle dreaming ;
I saw the year's bright summer leaves
To autumnal bosoms streaming ;
And then awoke to consciousness and life,
And sailed into the seething ocean
Where all was turmoil, noise and strife
And rage and turbulent commotion ;
At first, somewhat cast down, I soon obtained
A small position in the world of learning ;
And there it was Glenabbe reigned,
Year in, year out, and year returning !

'Twas thus I knew Glenabbe !
In years most ripe ; in wisdom most mature ;
Raised in the lap of luscious luxury ;
Refinement plenteous and surroundings pure ;
With all the things the heart of man could crave,
And all the things that render living dearer,
Glenabbe drifted downward to the grave,
While Midnight and its shadows hovered nearer,
And yet, he was not happy ; often he would rise,
At dead of night, e'en in the winter's chill,
And I, awakening in surprise,
Would see him standing in the moonbeams still,
And wash and rinse his hands, as tho' a stain
He needs must force away were there ;
And then he'd wash and rinse again,
And eye them o'er with studious care ;

And then he'd kneel upon the cold, bare floor
And with a silken 'kerchief rub the place,
As tho' there were a stain of clotted gore
That told a secret he must needs efface
From it and memory evermore !

And then he'd rise again, and pace the room,
Cutting the shadows with a solemn tread,
Like the dread prestige of impending doom,
Muttering to himself with drooping head ;
Hissing out words I knew not of ;
Or if I knew-I did not comprehend ;
So fierce and strange, so wild and weird,
They seemed the ghostly jargon of a fiend !
Thus nursed he to himself his hidden woe,
For I to ask him had no earthly reason ;
Until one night, when all the ebb and flow
Of life had ceased about the place a season,
And almost every human in it slumbered,
He came to me where I sat quiet thinking,
Listing the ticking clock, as minutes numbered
Told me the Eastern sky was slowly pinking,
And placing hand upon the lighted lamp,
He turned the burner down, until the room
Swam with gray odors cold and damp,
And Shadow swallowed all in gloom.
“ My friend,” he said, and as he spoke,
His eyes, like livid coals, did flame and burn,
And his voice—it trembled, rallied, broke,
And cracked to pieces, like a shattered urn.

Yet still he speaks ; and in the shade,
His pale face, as white as purest fleece is,
Affrights me with the resemblance made
'Twixt it and some cold, dead Nemesis !

“ To-night I do full penance for a deadly wrong ;
To-night I ope to you a wound long healed ;
Tho' life has *seemed* to waft me smooth along,
Beneath that smoothness is despair concealed !”
With that, he plunged his hand within his breast,
And brought it forth again, blood-red ;
With fiendish chucklings, boastingly-expressed,
He held it, dripping slowly, o'er my head,
And, laughing wildly, pompous waved
It to and fro upon the midnight air,
And cursed and swore, and like a madman raved,
Until he filled my very soul with fear !

Amazed, I started forward ; but he forced me
back,
With Herculean strength 'twere idle to resist ;
And while a thousand terrors thro' my senses
racked,
He sent fresh shivers, as he stooped and hissed :

“ Aye, start not up in wonder ; it is blood ;
The heart’s blood of a perjured knave ;
I took his life ! I struck him as he stood,
And laughed to scorn the mercy that he crave !
Thank God ! I’ve lived my life this day !
Ye imps in Hades, how I laughed to see
This dying wretch, all cringing, pray
For the same mercy he denied to me !”

“ Glenabbe !”

“ Peace ! Be still !

I will not have you say one word
Till I have done ; then, if you will,
Why speak ; you shall be heard !
I took his life ! Why did I take it ?
Why did I wish to win the worthless thing
He called his life ? I could not make it
One whit more cursed by my murdering !
And yet, I took it ! And the reason why
What follows will attempt to show ;
But if within your soul no passions lie,
My own great feelings you will never know !

“ There was a time when I adored the man ;
I loved him as a brother ; yea, still more !
My soul in worship out towards him ran,
His mirrored image in my heart I bore !
I opened wide my hospitable door,
And bade him freely welcome in it ;
I would have doubted Truth itself before
I doubted him a single minute !
I was but newly-wed ; my pure, young bride
Beamed on me like a star from Heaven ;
She was my life, my joy, my pride,
My God to worship even !
In her I lived and breathed and walked ;
She was my Light of Life ! My Day !
The very angels listened as she talked,
And made obeisance to her gentle sway !

“ To say I *loved* her were too mild a term ;
For all the worship most men gave
Unto their God, I yielded her ; she was the
 germ
Of all things queenly ; I, her slave !

Methought all Eden centred in my bride ;
Methought there was no home so fair as ours ;
Methought the gates of Heaven opened wide
And seraphs strewed our walls with flowers !
To such a home as this, the Tempter came ;
Great God ! Why did not Jehovah frown
And in His wrath, His majesty proclaim,
And smite the devil's minion down ?

“ And thus the Day drooped on and on ;
And Night, with all its hideousness, drew near ;
My friend had business in a distant town,
My soul was harrowed with a nameless fear !
And soon the smothered whisperings began
About my darling's infidelity—”
Glenabbe's woe seemed, here, him to unman,
His abject grief was pitiful to see !

“ My pale rose withered 'neath its winter blight ;
I covered it softly with the moon and stars ;
And my soul looked out upon the dreary night,
Hopeless and helpless thro' its prison-bars !
But the motherless babe—a boy—survived,
And I could not hide him from out my sight ;
It grew and budded, and lived and thrived,
And so ! And so ! I deemed it right !

I think the baby's death near crazed me ;
Folks say I raved and cursed and swore,
And damned the very hands that raised me
From darkness unto light once more !
They say I raved of infants dead, and how I
 slayed them,
Of dread revenge I meant to take in after-years ;
And by my awful blasphemy dismayed them,
And plunged the firmest man in tears !

“ I know not how it was myself ; the day was
 night,
And night most wretched in its dreariness ;
My heart itself seemed shrouded with a blight,
And all the world a waste of weariness ;
But *this* I know ! One night beneath the stars,
With no one witness save those graves and God,
And the pure moon drifting thro' its silken bars,
I knelt me lowly on the dew-girt sod,
And vowed to track that man thro' all the earth,
To bathe our marriage-ring in his heart's blood ?
My old soul died ! A new one had its birth,
Predestined from that hour to fulfil my mood !

“ Since I took that oath, I have seen the years
grow pale
And glimmer down the dust-corroded past ;
Losing awhile, yet never ceasing trail,
Hoping the acme of success at last !
Now is the guerdon of my life obtained ;
Now earns my soul its well-acquired rest ;
This is the reason why my blade is stained,—
I plunged it, quivering, in his breast,
And while he shivered like a leaf in ev’ry part,
I dipped our nuptial ring within his heart !
This is my life ! The law may claim
My human body for the sin ;
But of my soul I wash all blame,
And spotless enter Heaven’s gates within !”

Thus spake Glenabbe ; and his life was clear ;
His past was to me as an open book ;
I understood the deeds of midnight fear,
The stealthy habits and the startled look ;
Half-dazed, he dreamt he saw that infant’s blood
Staining his hands, and thought to wash them
pure ;
Haunted forever by his sinful mood,
A guilty conscience read it on the floor,

And sought to blot it out and be secure !
And whilst I thought, like one entranced,
I heard Glenabbe open wide the door ;
Heard him as down the stairs he slow advanced,
Heard him again upon the streets below !

And in *this* life, we never meet again ;
But I knew his grief was over, in the morning,
when

The stern-faced watchers of the weary night
Brought in a corpse all stark and stiff and cold,
And laid it softly where the dawning light
Covered it firmly with a shroud of gold,
For there in the Dead-house, lonely and drear,
With sand in his bosom and weeds in his hair,
The face of Glenabbe, all naked and bare,
Looked out from the depths of its deadly de-
spair !

THE FIRST MARTYR.

JERUSALEM lay basking in all her glory ; her
massive walls,
Her lance-crowned turrets, her palatial man-
sions,
And her busy streets echoing the tread of count-
less millions ;
Seemed the very picture of commercial calmness.
But hold ! What means yon assembled multitude
of raging men ?
And why do they, with fierce gestures and with
fiercer words,
Lay stringent hands upon yon Godlike man
within their midst ?
Why do they cry, Stone him ! Stone him ! What
the crime
That merits so condign a punishment ? “ He has
dared
To worship God ; he has dared to say we have
received the law
By the disposition of angels and have not kept
it ; he has said :

“ Behold, I see the Heavens opened, and the Son
of Man

Standing on the right hand of God.’ Stone him !
Stone him !”

Your name, my brother ? “ Wouldst know my
name ?

’Tis well known to yon Christian dog ! ’Tis Saul
of Tarsus !”

And his—the man you cry so loudly, Stone him !
Stone him ?

“ His name is Stephen ; a foul-mouthed, blas-
phemous speaker,

Who pretends to see the glory of his so-called
God,

And scorns the power of our Romish master.
Stone him ! Stone him !”

And straightway, hearing his voice, the crowd
excited rose,

Conducted the one called Stephen thro’ the city
gates,

And stoned him. And Stephen, with a loud voice,
cried :

“Lord Jesus, receive my spirit ;” and, “Lord,
lay not this sin to their charge.”
And when he had said this, fell asleep.

When Stephen woke, the scene was passing
strange !
The sun ne’er shone in clearest sky as shone the
brilliant radiance
That circled round him then. The very air
seemed thrilled
With light unearthly, and the morning’s wings
Brought to his senses sounds of rapturous music,
such
As only angels sing, when low-bowed at the
throne of God.
Filled with a joy ineffable, Stephen turned and
spake
To One, who, with shining wings and radiant
brow,
Upon which sat a crown of purest gold and rich-
est gems,
Proclaiming him some high official from the
Court of Heaven,
Stood closely by :

“ What means this strange and marvellous scene?
and

Wherefore have ye come from your bright home
on high,

To visit one bowed down with earthly sins and
earthly miseries?

I prithee, tell me all.” The Winged One turned
and waved

A golden wand. In answer to his call, his com-
rades came,

And bending low before the martyred soul,

Low held their wings for him to step upon. Still
wond’ring

At the strange and solemn scene, the martyr
placed

His trembling feet upon the outstretched wings,
and then

The angel spake, in tones that seemed the echo
Of the sylvan sound of many-murmuring waters :

“ Oh, Son of Earth, thou askest why,

And on what mission we have left the sky?

This morn in Heaven, great Jehovah said :

‘ Go, haste to Earth, for one of mine is dead !’

The angels heard the words, and lo !
Like echoes swiftly come and go,
Heaven resounded with the glad'ning cry :
' Behold a ransomed soul is passing by !'
Out from the gates of Heaven came we down ;
Our brightness dimmed the brightness of the sun !
Down, down we flew, until at last we came
To where you died for Jesus' name ;
To where they stoned you for the sake of Him
Whose fadeless glory man can never dim.
We grouped around, and some asked, Where is
 he ?
And others answered, Look and see !
And then we looked and saw thee in this place,
With the bruises and the death-marks on thy face,
And thou, unconscious, on the rocks wast lying,
Where foes had left thee, bruised and dying.
I stooped and touched thee : ' Soul, arise !
Behold, thy Maker calls thee from the skies ;
Thy God says, Soul, arise and come !
In Heaven awaits eternal home !'
And, wond'ring, then, your soul obeyed,
And, trembling, on the eve of flight, was stayed.

Now go we back to whence we came—
Cut through the air on wings of flame!
Up, up, we mount, and higher still!
Up, up, we mount! 'Tis God's own will!"

He ceased to speak, and at his given signal,
Lo, the bright wings their precious freight
Began to waft swift heavenward!
Up, up, they flew, and as they nearer came unto
the gates—

Gates sparkling with the tints of many pearls—
Gates built of massive and of purest gold—
Stephen beheld a scene so grandly glorious and
bright,
His new-made Soul could scarce brook undis-
mayed.

The gates flew open, and from out the golden
streets

There walked a Throng of bright-robed beings,
Each with a diadem upon his brow, and each
One

Singing in the tones of richest joy:

"Welcome, welcome, welcome Home,
Soul, Jehovah whispers: Come!

Soul, look ye up; be not downcast!
Earth's pain and bitterness all is past,
And Heaven's gates are opened wide;
Enter, and walk ye by our side!
Safe at last from pain and sin,
God's gates are open—enter in!
Welcome, welcome, welcome Home,
Soul, Jehovah whispers: Come!"

Dismayed, astonished, Stephen clung unto his
angel-guide,
And whilst the glorious Host came nearer and
their song
Of welcome died upon the morning air,
The angel who had borne him turned again,
And spake to Stephen trembling, "Courage,
courage!"
And, and as he spake, the Host moved in, and
with them
Stephen walked, and knelt before the Throne of
God.

THE WIFE'S REPLY.

DID you ask me if I love him ?
Love yon victim in his cell,
Where the vermin creeps above him,
Altar-prey for Azrael ?

Love the man whose clothes are ragged,
And whose cheeks are sunken in,
And whose very soul is jagged
With the crevices of sin ?

Love him as he sits and nurses
Deep regret for crimes of yore ?
Love him as he raves and curses,
Striding o'er the prison floor ?

Love him though his life be fated
For the scaffold on the morn ?
Love him though his name be mated
To a nation's ceaseless scorn ?

Aye ! I love him. For a woman
Knows no other love but one ;
And my heart would not be human,
If for bread it gave a stone !

True, I wish he had been better
And had led a nobler life,
Yet in spirit and in letter,
I remember I'm his wife.

What he may appear to others,
Call him murd'rer if you will,
Call him every name that smothers
Every thought of good with ill ;

Call him all that guilt expresses ;
Give him every term of hate ;
Soil his name with all that dresses
Mortal man in fallen state ;

Yet to ME he was a HUSBAND,
And I bear his sin and shame ;
But I ne'er will prove unfaithful,
Or refuse to own his name.

Let him stand upon the scaffold,
Form of man but soul a wreck,
With his trembling body waiting
With the rope about his neck ;

Let the gathered crowd deride him,
And with hisses mock his pain,
I will rise and stand beside him,
With a look of cold disdain ;

I will put my arms around him,
I will clasp him to my heart,
And my kisses will have crowned him,
Ere his soul in death depart ;

And as the word is given,
Ere the trap-door falls beneath,
Like a flash athwart the heaven,
I will pluck from out its sheath,

A blade of steel so shining,
That its light shall daze the eye,
And while on his breast reclining,
I will smile at him, and die !

AH, NO !

WHEN a man goes down in the sloughs of
sin,

And leaves behind all pure and good—
Should the world condemn and in scorn point
back

To the innocent place where once he stood ?
Should the world condemn and hate him, then,
Because he yields to the foes of men ?

Ah, no !

Created alike by the same Great Power—
Endowed with the same rich gifts of grace,
Should we not firm, though adversities lower,
Struggle together the life-long race ?
Should a man forsake a fellow-man
Because he has yielded to Pluto's band ?

Ah, no !

What then should we do in the battle of life,
When a brother succumbs to the poisonous
cup,
And lower and lower he sinks in the strife—
What else should we do, but to raise him up ?

Should we deride, and with words of scorn,
Render his wretchedness more forlorn?

Ah, no !

No matter how deep in the Tempter's snare
A man may have wandered ; it's never too
late

To rescue him from his gloom and despair,
And raise him once more to his former state !

Ah, no !

For a man—when he sees that his friends, though
they grieve

O'er his conduct, and blush for his name,
Still do not neglect him, but strive to relieve

Him of the burden of guilt and of shame—
His honor is touched and his conscience awak-
ened,

His pride and his manhood then come to his
aid,

And he vows to forsake all his former ill-doings,
And live nobler and purer for the time he's
delayed !

So, my friends, when you see that a brother is
 striving
 To escape from the grasp of the Conqueror's
 chain,
Assist him—upraise him—but oh, don't deride
 him,
And so, hurl him straight back in his evil
 again !
Yes, lend him a helping hand, give him assur-
 ance
 That truly, indeed, are you ever his friend ;
Arouse all his pride, all his honor and manhood,
 And then, can you have any fear for the end ?
 Ah, no !

TO A LADY FRIEND.

I'VE watched the chastened rose-tint of the
 morn,
When dewdrops blossom and when stars are
 born ;
I've seen the gentle zephyrs soft caress
The modest lily in its snow-white dress ;

I've seen the tender birds beside their brood
Deep in the silence of the darkened wood ;
I've seen the fuchsia droop its timid head,
Its soul aquiver with a nameless dread ;
I've seen the mighty rivers ceaseless flow
To soundless oceans from their hills of snow ;
I've heard the winds of night, on silken wings,
Breathe forth the cadence of their murmurings ;
I've seen the earth bedecked in spotless shrouds,
That God had woven in His Loom of Clouds ;
I've seen the world again all wreathed in flowers,
The prototype of Heaven's bowers ;
I've seen the lofty mountains, giant-like,
Uplift their crests as if the sky to strike ;
I've seen the quiet valleys at their base,
Bathed in a glow of perfect peace ;
And yet thy cheeks the radiant morn eclipse,
And dewdrops are not sweeter than thy lips ;
And zephyrs are not gentler than thy sighs,
Nor stars more brilliant than thy sparkling
 eyes ;
Nor are the birds more innocent than thou ;
Nor snowflakes whiter than thy marble brow ;

Nor is the blood-dipped fuchsia chaster than thy
soul,
Where only Virtues have supreme control ;
Nor is the cadence of the whispering breeze
More soothing than thy songs, more apt to
please ;
Nor is the snow, when valued with thy heart,
Esteemed of men to have a purer part ;
Nor are the flowers more charming than thy face
Or sylphlike form, endowed with matchless
grace ;
Nor do the mountains, towering to the sky,
Half reach the summit where thy merits lie ;
And e'en the peace that doth the vale control
Is rank disorder placed beside thy soul.

A PRAYER.

WILT thou not condescend, oh, God,
To hear thy servant's prayer ?
Wilt thou not from thy throne look down
And see me bended here ;
Show me the path that Moses trod,
And let me journey there.

Not with vain boasting, Lord, I come ;
But with an humble heart ;
Oh, Saviour, place thy hand on me,
And perfect peace impart ;
Oh, Spirit, be my heart thy home,
Which shield thou from sin's art.

Oh, Father, I have wandered far
From Christ, the church and thee ;
I have not treasured well the trust
That once thou gavest me ;
I have not followed the guiding star
In true sincerity.

Yet, do not leave me, Father, now,
Clothed as I am with guilt and sin,
But take me in thy arms once more,
And let me nestle close within ;
Humbly, on bended knee I bow
And pray : " Oh, let me in ! "

Father, I know I have done wrong
In losing faith and hope in thee ;
I know I have grieved thy loving heart
In the world's idolatry ;
I know that the list of my sins is long
And presses me heavily ;

And yet, oh, Father, I would lay
My erring soul beneath thy feet ;
Though sin and lack of faith and hope
Have kept me from thy love away,
And hid me from the mercy-seat,
Oh, hear me while I pray !
Teach me, oh, Father, to feel
The peace of the Blessed and to know
That, though I am sinful and vile,
Thou canst make me as pure as the snow ;
Thou canst say to me now as I kneel :
“ Be it unto thee even so ! ”

Oh, Father, in the hour of trial be near ;
Be thou my guide and my shield ;
Let not Satan's host put me to flight,
Let me not faint then nor yield ;
Guard me from doubting, from fear :
Win thou the battlefield !

And, Father, let me live such a life
So void of all sorrow and shame,
That men, seeing my good works,
Shall honor Thy holy name ;
Give me a laurel to win in the strife,
And let Thy glory be its theme.

DO NOT GO DOWN TOWN TO-NIGHT !

“ **D**O not go down town to-night !”
’Twas an aged mother said ;
Round her face a silvered light
Glimmered from her snow-white head ;
From her chair, with feeble footsteps,
Tottered she toward the door,
And I heard her trembling accents,
To her wayward son implore :
“ Oh, my son, my darling first-born,
Dare for once to do the right ;
Stay your footsteps ere you leave me,
Do not go down town to-night !
Do not, do not,
Do not go down town to-night !”

“ Do not go down town to-night !”
’Twas a sister pleading low ;
Vanished were the roses bright
From her cheeks, grown pale as snow ;

Round her brother's neck, close twining,
She her dimpled arms did press,
As, with aspen lips, she whispered,
Giving, now and then, a kiss :
"Oh, my brother, hearken to me !
Do not my entreaties slight ;
Shun for once the ruby wine-cup,
Do not go down town to-night !
Do not, do not,
Do not go down town to-night !"

"Do not go down town to-night !"
'Twas a wife's impassioned prayer ;
Grief had almost set her sight
In a look of fixed despair ;
Close beside her husband kneeling,
Gazed she up with tear-dimmed eye,
All her wifely love revealing
In the sad, incessant cry :
"Oh, my husband, oh, my loved one,
Break the bonds of Satan's might !
Shake the coiling serpent from you,
Do not go down town to-night !
Do not, do not,
Do not go down town to-night !"

“ Do not go down town to-night !”
’Twas a little child’s soft plea ;
With her chubby arms clasped tight,
Clinging to her father’s knee ;
From her golden curls the lamplight
Caught reflection’s choicest ray,
And her rosy face was smiling
As her ruby lips did say :
“ Papa ! Papa ! I s’an’t let oo !
Whisty-snate is sure to bite ;
Tiss your baby, for I love oo ;
Do not do down town to-night !
Do not, do not,
Do not do down town to-night !”

To the husbands and the fathers,
And the boys who read these lines,
I’ve a message and a warning,
Which each of you divines ;
Even while you read this poem,
There are voices in each ear,
Calling loud my anxious warning,
In loved accents, full and clear :

Father, son, and husband, brother,
Dare for once to do the right ;
Let my words perform their mission,
Do not go down town to-night !
Do not, do not,
Do not go down town to-night !

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

I LAID me down to rest ; the air was still,
And, possibly, I fell asleep and dreamed !
And while unconscious thus, a vapor chill
Swept o'er my face, and brightness gleamed
On floor, on ceiling, and on wall ; a soft
And chastened radiance, such as glows
On winter ev'nings, when the moon aloft
Shines in sadness on albescent snows !

Surprised, I woke, and lo, there at my side,
In robes of filmy white from head to foot,
With folded wings, and look of Aulic pride,
A Spirit stood, to whom I questions put :

“ Who, who art thou, oh pure, translucent one,
And why, this even, comest thou to me ? ”

“ I am a Soul, whose earthly life is done,
Apparitor to hold converse with thee. ”

“ Can spirits, then, reveal to those on earth
The esoteric mysteries that be
After the body’s death and the soul’s birth ? ”

“ For such a purpose I appear to thee. ”

“ Then tell me why the Poet never dies ;
Why lives go out and others take their place,
To toil and struggle for the same great prize
Their predecessors won within the race ! ”

“ Thou’rt bold, oh, Mortal ; thou wouldst even
know

The grandest secret of th’ Eternal One :
For all things veiled to blind Mankind below,
To this are but as stars unto the sun !
Know, then, that when a Master-Poet dies,
Victorious over ev’ry toil and snare
That flecks the way between the vales and skies,
A way all striated with pain and care,

“God lets him journey back and live life o’er ;
He lets him enter in a newborn frame,
And crowns him with his former gift and more,
To win a nobler and a grander name.
Thus poets die, and from their ashes rise
A second race mnemonic of the dead,
Who are but Souls ordained to subtilize
And modify what they before have said.”

“Now, tell me why it is that some die young,
In the very blaze of fire and force ?
While yet unknown, unhonored, and unsung,
Stayed at the very threshold of their course ?”
“God saw with eyes omniscient and strong
The weakness of the gift the young souls had,
And that to let them hold it would be wrong,
Because defeat would only make them sad,

“And took them, then, whilst in their virgin
state,
Untarnished by the world’s false hand,
From their poor, struggling talent to create
ONE genius born to govern and command.

For ev'ry POET that the world has known
Since Time his weary journey first began,
A myriad rhymesters moulded into one,
Make up the order of Jehovah's plan.

“And this is why the Poet e'en can tell
What answer to a question will be made,
And why he knows what will come NEXT as well
As if the words already had been said.
And why, also, in a strange, foreign place
He feels as if he had been there before,
And thinks that he can even stand and trace
Things erst familiarized, once more !

“'Tis but the second soul within him sees
Its olden home, perchance, and yearns
To murmur out the silent sympathies
With which its bosom throbs and burns ;
And but that second soul rehearsing o'er
Some conversation held in years gone by,
A secret something it had heard before
It first had wafted to the astral sky !

“ So, Mortal, rest in peace ; and know that thou
Art wiser than the most of men,
Because these things, once hidden, I have now
Unto thy vision opened plain !”
Scarce did he cease, ere the soft light was gone,
And with it that cold vapor’s chill ;
A rustling of wings, and the faint, gray dawn
Peeped at me from my window-sill !

And now, I never see a mighty name
Surrounded with poetic glow,
And clad within the livery of fame
And all that talent can bestow,
But what I pause and read his master-lays
And con his ideas o’er and o’er,
And wonder what grand soul of older days
In HIM is incarnate once more !

THE LAME SCHOLAR.

HAS the master come yet, mother?
I sent at least an hour past
To see if he would come. It seems
As if time were speeding fast,
Whilst I lie here impassive and inert!
Mother, I would be up and doing;
I would have my brain exert
Itself, for something worth pursuing.

I do not like the idea of lying idly here
While the world moves on her busy way;
I know I'm needed, yet I greatly fear
I hear her summons but cannot obey.
As from afar I hear the sounds of life:
The woodman's axe; the busy whirring mill;
The schoolboy's shout; the merry drum and fife;
The gentle murmur of the rippling rill.

I hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,
Mate calls to mate. The happy farmer's song
Floats through the casement on the even's breeze,
As, plough in hand, he guides his horse along

The furrows deep, contented with his lot.
I hear the huntsman's call ; the hound's deep
 bay,
Mingled with the happy, cheerful shout
Of sturdy reapers 'mid the new-grown hay.

I hear all this as on my couch I lie,
Counting the hours as they onward pass ;
Feeling that I am closed in hopelessly,
With naught to do but sigh alas, alas !
Mother how long have I lain here,
Compelled, against my will, to be a slave
To vain repining ? Oft I fear
I value not the life God kindly gave.

You will not tell me ? Do you hesitate
Because you think 'twould do me serious ill
To be confirmed in my rash estimate
Of months and years those vain repinings fill ?
Prudent mother ! Yet I fain would know
If what I thought the time you too would think ;
For the certainty will not pain me so
As the uncertainty from which I shrink !

Eight years? Eight blanks! Ah, woe is me!
The vain ambitions that still burn
Within my soul! Humility,
Teach me thy calm content to learn!
Eight years! Ah, mother, it was not so
Before the blighting came; you remember
How bright and gay I was eight years ago
Ere I was stricken! 'Twas in December,
As you recollect. I would dare again
As then; would suffer as I suffer now
To save that pure, sweet girl from death or pain,
Or ward the blood-mark from her snow-white
brow!

School was just out, and we were going home—
With hearts, all happy, as but children know—
Laughing and talking, as with cunning hands
We pelted one another with the balls of snow.
The day was over, all our lessons said,
Our teacher pleased, each one self-satisfied,
No thought of winter's cold or winter's dread,
As each with each in pleasant contest vied.

All in a moment the scene was changed;
A startled cry was heard, and down the street
A sleigh dashed, drawn by steeds deranged

With mad affright ; I ne'er saw face so sweet
As the one I gazed on as the sleigh came nigh,
So tender, yet so strangely wild ;
The faultless face of a helpless child.
'Twas over in a second—and here I lie !

I call myself no hero ; for I only did
What I esteemed my duty then to be ;
For had I not done so, in truth I would have
 deemed
Myself unworthy of my parenthood.
Mother, I would I could express
But half the thoughts that surge within my brain ;
For then, I would but feel the less
My hopeless yearning and my bitter pain.

Dear mother, I would I could be great
And good, like some of whom I've read ;
Not to live in wealth or lordly state,
But to be remembered when I'm dead.
I do not wish to merely live and die
And be forgot as soon as life is o'er,
I wish to act so that my memory
May be a living presence evermore.

Why is it, then, that I am cooped up here,
Whilst others have the right to live and move?
Is it because I thought myself too dear,
And God has chastened that I may improve?
So be it, then. I bow unto His will;
I know no wiser Leader, nor one more divine;
Though he doubly chasten, with faith I still
Would meekly say: "Thy will, not mine."

Best of mothers, my books; I fain would read
Till the master comes; raise yon window high
And move the curtain, so the gentle breeze
May fan my cheek and ease my misery.
And wave your kerchief, so the boys at play
Upon the green, may turn their gaze and see
The signal given, and perchance they may
Pause for a moment, and remember me.

KATIE VAN DIRTH AND I.

YES, fix up the papers, clerk, fix 'em up strong,
For Katie an' I hev loved all along,
Tho' in sorrer an' trubble thro' life's stormy
way,
An' we aim to get married, sir, this blessed day.

We were raised up together, sir, Katie an' me,
For between us in years, sir, only are three ;
And affection begun then, strengthened an' grew,
As we nearer an' nearer to maturity drew.

And as we advanced through youth to full age,
Though her father glared up in a glorious rage,
And declared in his wrath I was seeking his gold,
My love for fair Katie I timidly told.

For my father was poor, whilst my Katie's was
rich,
An' he swore that his darter should marry no
sich !

Yet Katie she loved me, come weal or come woe,
And she grieved that her father had treated me so.

I knew it wur best, though it went gin the grain ;
And I writ her a letter, an' tried to explain,
I was urgently forced from my land to depart,
An' I lef' the next morning, with sorrerful heart.

Yet she knowed I'd return ; for I said in my
letter
That I'd struggle an' toil thro' the battle of life,
An' when my affairs in the world promised better,
I'd sartin come back an' make her my wife !

So I went to the city, a seekin' o' jobs,
Till chance might supply me with somethin' more
sure ;
An' oft when disheartened, I'd stifle my sobs,
To think of dear Katie, so lovely, so pure !

And eager I worked, an' toiled on an' saved
Till after ten years, quite a sum I was worth,
Honest labor the pathway to fortune had paved,
An' I returned to reclaim sweet Katie Van Dirth.

But alack an' alas, my good mother said :
"Van Dirth an' his wife in the churchyard lie
dead,

An' Katie, a beggar, has gone far away,
Tho' whither she's roamed I canna well say !"

So forth in the world, again, weeping I went,
To seek out my darlin', now sadly intent ;
But never a trace of her, never a word,
Never a whisper, ever was heard !

'Twas a wild night in winter, years twenty an'
eight

Since I had lost my own darlin' Kate,
When I heard my good dogs give a quick sudden
yelp,

An' at the same instant, heard a feeble cry,
" Help !"

I sprang out from my dwellin' assistance to gin,
An' to git the poor fellow, if possible, in,
When, all of a sudden, I saw on the earth,
A woman ; that woman, my Katie Van Dirth !

* * * * *

So fix up the papers, clerk, fix 'em up strong,
And be extra sure that you don't git 'em wrong,
For Katie an' I now main to get jined,
Though she is fifty-six an' I AM fifty-nine !

FORSAKEN.

ONCE I was pure as the flower is fair,
And my life but a dream of ineffable bliss,
Once I was free from all sin as the air,
Oh, my God, have I fallen from virtue to this?
Help me, oh Saviour, uplift me from sin,
Point me the path that I may enter therein.

Forsaken—they think I've no conscience to feel
The sin that is wounding and tearing my heart,
Making me quiver, and shiver and reel,
Pierced through and through with its pitiless
dart ;

Forsaken—by those who never may know
The depth of despair, or the misery of woe,
My God, to my faith I will ever cling fast,
Trusting in Jesus to redeem me at the last.

Once I was happy, but now I am sad,
Deranged and heartbroken ; I'm mad, oh, I'm
mad !

Will some one not take me and try to reclaim
My sin-burdened soul from its guilt and its shame?
Merciful heaven, have pity on me !
Christ, oh my Cross, I will cleave unto thee.

Fallen by sin from a beautiful home,
Cursed and condemned through the wide world
to roam,
Losing integrity, honor and name !
To virtuous womanhood naught but a shame,
Disgraced I must labor alone to the end,
With no one to sorrow, not even a friend !

ALDINE ST. CLAIR.

ONLY a miscreant, wretched, forlorn,
Covered with garments that, though tattered and torn,

Tell of a better and happier time,
When we were youthful, and he in his prime !

How haggard he looks, how pale and how thin !
I wonder how great was the cause of the sin
That has doomed him forever to grope in despair,
And eternally wrecked the soul of Aldine St.
Clair ?

Aldine St. Clair—'tis a glorious name,
Worthy of ancestry covered with fame,
But oh ! how degraded the man shiv'ring there !
God help thee and pity thee, Aldine St. Clair.

Once he was young, and his life was as fair
As yon fragrant rose that is now blushing there ;
But sickness and sorrow and poverty drove
Him from the path that the innocent love ;
And the life that was then so pure and so fair,
Now, behold it disgraced in Aldine St. Clair !

But pity him now, for short cometh his breath ;
He quivers! he trembles—he is nigh unto death ;
Quick, good Samaritan, pillow his head ;
Ah, the end is approaching—he is dying—he's
dead ;

The death of the wicked, how sad 'tis to see :
Aldine St. Clair, God have mercy on thee !

THE MANIAC.

BACK! back! to your cold, damp graves,
Ye livid forms of deathless dead !

Why will ye come my soul to crush

Down with this weight of seething lead ?

Back! back! Do you hear me cry

From my passionate depths of woe,

And still remain so nigh, so nigh ?

Back! I'll not have you mock me so !

Night by night ye have hissed and jeered,

Draped in your shrouds of filmy white,

As one by one you slow appeared

To laugh at me in the gray moonlight !

Ha! There is one I know too well;
Gods! And the rose within her hair
Is red, blood-red, as seas of Hell,
Red as my hand that placed it there!
She is my wife, but she loves me not!
My bonnie bride I wooed and wed;
Mine! Mine! Though devils plot
To steal her away from my nuptial bed!
Ah, my rose was fresh that soft June eve,
When I placed it in her hair,
When I caught her full, flesh-rounded sleeve
And slew her, false and fair!

The rose I gave as a parting-gift,
And when she bowed her head
For me to place it in her coils,
I smiled—and struck her dead!
For she was false to her bridal vows,
False to her womanhood,
False to the sacred oath she made,
False to all true and good!
And the infant—hers, though never mine,
As its downy couch it pressed,
I placed my hand on its snow-white throat,
And then—it sank to rest!

The ruthless spoiler who wrecked my life,
I tracked to a lonely glen ;
I clutched his form in a deadly strife,
With giant force, and then,
As maddened curses left my lips
In swift and bitter tide,
I dragged him close to the yawning brink
Of a chasm deep and wide ;
I plunged him headlong down the steep,
Through depths of gloomy air,
And knew the tale of death was told,
By his cry of wild despair !

But the soft June night went out in gloom,
And wild winds, drear and sad,
A requiem sang o'er my buried past,
And people called me mad !
Mad ? Mad ? Dare they call me mad ?
Ne'er was uttered a baser lie !
Sane am I, though my soul is sad.
Hark ! Did ye hear that infant's cry ?
Crouched in the corner, dying there !
Who left a baby in my cell ?
Look ! A gash on its throat so fair,
And blood on the spot where it fell !

I have broke its calm with my restless speech,
So I'll lay its head on my fresh, warm heart—
But ho ! It has vanished beyond my reach,
And a fiendish laughter makes me start !
Well, laugh and jeer, ye lifeless forms,
Ye cannot frighten me ;
Through dark night-gates, on wings of storms,
I found my way to thee !
Ye are my friends, and I am yours,
So, come to my cheerless cell,
To-night I fast in prison-doors,
But, to-morrow, feast in Hell !

I will lift to my lips this healing draught,
And my dead will round me creep,
And the morning's winds shall gently waft
My soul to a dreamless sleep !
But why should I seek to slay myself ?
I have joys enough for me ;
The noiseless gates of the secret graves
Have given me their key ;
I walk along 'mid the bleaching bones,
With a step as light as air,
And the ghosts wake up from their solemn sleep,
And laugh to see me there !

I clasp their fleshless forms to mine,
I kiss their bloodless lips,
Their silent, pulseless hands entwine
Around my finger-tips ;
Their cold, dead bosoms rest upon
My heaving mortal breast,
We laugh all idle care to scorn
With many a ghostly jest !
But what is this within my brain,
That strives and struggles so ?
Is it the ghost of a nameless pain,
The shade of an endless woe ?

I have tried—I have tried—for years and years
To hurl it from its throne,
But I never can catch its ghostly hand,
Nor hold it in mine own !
It writhes and twists and bounds about ;
It tears my brain apart ;
It grasps me with its cruel clutch,
And stings me with its dart ;
It raves at me in fiendish ire,
It steals my ev'ry thought,
It sears my very soul with fire,
And sets my will at naught !

Ye Gods ! I cannot bear it thus !
Out from your stolen home !
Back to the Hell where you were born,
Thou devil-sired Gnome !
Hist ! It has risen in its cage ;
I feel its cruel hand,
I hear it as it spurns my rage,
And mocks at my command ;
It speaks of blood, and my hands arise,
To do some deed of fear ;
My soul cries out for some human life,
That I may take it here !
But list ! The saddened night-winds moan !
They bring a peace to me ;
My demon hushes at their tone
In meek humility !
They soothe my soul and cool my brain,
They calm my restless strife ;
They ease my wild heart's madd'ning pain,
And bless my wretched life.
For, when the night-winds slowly creep
Adown the starlit air,
Softened, I bow my head and weep
Within my lonely lair !

LAND OF THE SOUTH.

O H, would that the pen of the poet were mine,
To picture in verses all thy beauty divine !
What words shall I use that will shadow thy
worth,

Dear land of the South, fair land of my birth ?
Free from the substance or shadow of shame,
Unsullied thy record, unblemished thy name,
What country on earth can with thee compare,
Loved land of the South, thou radiant and fair ?

Dear land of the South, proud home of the
brave !

Ne'er will it be this side of the grave
That upon earth thy equal is found !
Thou art sole Empress, the honored and crowned !
Sweet land of the South, fair home of the free !
No other nation can be like unto thee !
In war and in peace thou art nobly the same,
Resplendent and blessed in thy birthright of
fame !

Proud land of the South, thy triumph is near !
Bright, bright in the future thy glories appear !
On ! On ! Till that triumph thy struggles shall
gain !

Prove that thy sires did not perish in vain !
Free land of the South, redeemed from that chain
The anguish of which, oh, never again
This side of the end shall be suffered by thee,
History will hail thee, the home of the free.

Wisdom and virtue are stamped on thy soul,
And thy heart is protected by virtue's control,
Honor and purity sleep on thy breast,
Beautiful land of the noble and blest !
Bright land of the South ! thou wert born to be
great !

Reach forth thy hand for the chalice of Fate !
Drink of its contents, drink deeply and long !
God and the Right shall triumph o'er Wrong !

Proud land of the South, thy past is not dead !
Its fire is but covered by the ashes o'erhead !

For a prophet shall come from out Heaven sent
down,

Who shall lift up those ashes and give thee a
crown.

Then, men of the South, keep the faith in thy
hearts !

He is a vile traitor who from it departs !

Remember each inch of the South is a grave !

The home of thy loved ones—the tomb of thy
brave !

But not by the sword shall thy glory be wrought ;
Thy warfare is over—thy battles are fought.

What thy bullets could not, let thy intellect do,
Prove the brain of the Gray beats the brain of
the Blue !

Let thy statesmen, historians, and men of great
brain

Have the leading and guiding, till thy glory they
gain,

And then let thy poets come forward and throw
Thy gauntlet of praise in the face of thy foe !

What causes that halo of radiant glow,
Like a circlet of gold on thy forehead of snow ?

'Tis the crown of thy sorrow, the tears that thou
 wept
When the chain of Oppression its links round
 thee crept !
Thy Heavenly Father knelt down by thy side,
When thy dear head was bowed with the shame
 of thy pride,
When thy great heart was crushed with the depth
 of its woe,
And thy proud form was humbled with the strength
 of its blow.

And He caught every teardrop that fell from thine
 eyes,
And He took in His bosom each sob to the skies,
And He made thee a crown of thy sobs and thy
 tears
That should mark thee an Empress through all
 coming years ;
And the blood of thy martyrs He caught as it
 fell,
And He caught every prayer of thy daughters as
 well.

He caught every sigh that was borne on the air
From the damp of the dungeon and the gloom
 of despair,
And to Heaven He took them, and He wove thee
 a dress
Of thy blood and thy prayers and thy prison-dis-
 tress,
And He folded a rainbow as a sash for thy waist,
A girdle of love from the loom of His taste,
And He robed thee at night in its glittering
 sheen,
And the Southern sun, dawning, smiled down on
 a queen !
So, land of the South, look up from thy sorrow ;
To-day is the eve of a gladder To-morrow ;
And the Future will prove thee the land of the
 blest,
The Haven of Commerce, Prosperity's Rest !

FROM PHILIP DRUNK TO PHILIP
SOBER.

HE was a drunken brute, his neighbors said,
Hollow his cheeks, and his face was red ;
His eyes they glared with a sullen look,
And his soul had sunk to its lowest nook.
You might know him well by his tattered dress,
That scarcely concealed his nakedness ;
By his palsied hands and his bare, bare feet,
As he limpingly shuffled adown the street ;
You might know him well by his restless eye,
That rovingly scanned each passer-by ;
By his withered form, and his old slouched cap,
That had met with many a dire mishap.
You might know him well by his tangled hair,
That matted a brow close-knit with care ;
By his hideous laugh, and the children's fear,
Who vanished in fright when he drew near ;
You might know him well by his shout and yell,
When conquered and bound by the imps of hell ;

By his stubborn wrath and his oaths profane,
That swept from his lips in an awful train.

His humble home, a lowly dome, was small and
cold and bare,
For his dismal sin had entered in and blighted
its precincts fair.
His stricken wife—(oh, blasted life, oh, fate so
dark and dread !)
Toiled day and night in wretched plight to fur-
nish meat and bread !
And you might know by sounds of woe, from out
that house of gloom,
When he, in wrath, his drunken path had wended
to his home.

But there came a time when the night was dark,
And the dense clouds hung on high,
When the rain, as it did on Noah's Ark,
Beat down from an angry sky !

And the wife she sat by her dingy lamp,
In the lone, bare room, that was cold and damp,

Close at the couch of her only born,
Chanting a dirge in a voice forlorn.

His sunken cheek and sinking heart,
His fading breath and glazing eye
His end did speak ; he must depart,
On wings of death, up to the sky.

And this was the dirge she sung
From her heart, in anguish wrung :

“ List how the breezes blow, soft and low ;
And the trees their arms,
Weird, mystic forms,
Wave in the air,
With motion fair, to and fro !

“ List how the wavelets kiss the silver shore ;
And their chastened tone
Like a saddened moan,
Steals over the heart
With a soothing art
In a tide of bliss, evermore !

“Like the breeze that dies in softened breath ;
Like the wave that flees
To the deeper seas ;
Thy young life’s blood
In a sudden flood of quick surprise,
Is lost in the motion
Of the boundless ocean of sombre death ! ”

The drunkard staggered to her side ;
He watched her as she moaned and cried ;
But wot not of his son’s low state,
Or what was soon to be his fate,
For the Tempter, strong, had mastered him,
And he sneered in a voice all harsh and grim :

“ You weep !
Do you cry
For another fate,
For a better mate !
Do you sigh
For a swift release ?
I will give you peace.
Thus, sleep ! ”

He caught her hands and forced her up,
So dulled was his manhood by the cup,
He grasped her throat, he struck her face,
And more than that, to his deep disgrace,
In his anger hurled her to the floor,
And, maddened, rushed from his sin-curst door.
Then the dying child, with his features wild
And weird with a great despair,
Came forth from his bed with a falt'ring tread,
And knelt by his mother there !
And the winds they moaned with a ghastlier
 strength,
And the shadows lengthened with ghastlier
 length,
And the raindrops poured with a ghastlier pour,
And Azrael crept in through the drunkard's door !

Brightly the lights they shine
Over a flashing scene,
Where sparkles crimson wine
From cups of golden sheen ;
Carpets upon the floor
Echo no sound of feet ;
Scattered the white walls o'er
Pictures the vision greet.

Sofas of rare design
Whisper of languid rest ;
Flowers in vases fine
Bloom in the Serpent's Nest.

And here in this room is a mortal crowd,
Weaving the cloth for their manhood's shroud ;

They laugh
And sing,
And quaff
The thing
That brings them woe.
The dice they throw,
With a motion nice
In the halls of vice.
The cards they play
In reckless way,
Till dawn of day.

And this is the song they sing,
While drinking th' accursed thing :

“All hail to the vineyards of France !
All hail to the vineyards of Spain !
Here’s a balm our joys will enhance,
And a balm will alleviate pain !

Then, drink, drink, drink,
Through the regions of Fancy to rove ;
’Tis the glorious nectar of Jove,
The liquefied essence of Love ;
See it sparkle and gleam and glance,
Like the glint of a fairy lance.
See it bubble and foam and dance.

Drink, drink, drink !”

So they drink and they sing in the merriest vein,
Heeding not that they palsy both body and brain,
And shackle their souls with a sunderless chain !

When the morning,
Earth adorning,
Peeped from out the East,
Life awaking,
Slumber breaking,
Both for man and beast,

Came a poor, repentant devil
From his Bacchanalian revel,
And he entered through the door,
Just as Death had done before.
Not a single sound to meet him,
Not a single voice to greet him.
Silent, still, and stiffly frozen,
Lay the helpmate he had chosen,
Lay she prone upon the flooring,
Mutely for his grief imploring.
Lay his son, all worn and weary,
On her bosom, cold and dreary,
With his young pulse lost forever
In the current of Death's river.

Then the poor, heart-smitten demon,
Touched with feelings something human,
Knelt beside his vanished treasures—
Priceless cost of drunken pleasures—
And whilst tears ran down his features—
(Angels, pity Earth's weak creatures!)—
With wild hands raised up to Heaven,
Prayed that he might be forgiven !

Then the devil in his brain
Yielded up its evil reign,
And the heavy iron chain
 That had bound him
Was dismembered in each part,
And the serpent in his heart
Loosed its coils, with angry start,
 From around him.

To a far and distant land, where the sea-waves lap
 the strand,
Journeyed he his way in gloomy sadness.
There he reconciled his past, there he came to
 Christ at last,
There he labored to increase Man's peace and
 gladness.
Little children come to him when the day is
 growing dim
And the setting sun is bathed in crimson glory.
Nestle they upon his breast in a calm and fearless
 rest,
Listing to his gentle voice and touching story.
And he tells them of his life, how with evil it
 was rife,

And he warns them never, never to taste wine,
For he tells them 'tis a drink that will their
 young beings sink
In the lowest, darkest depths of sin's decline.

And he whispers them this song,
As they close about him throng :

“ Touch not, taste not,
Handle not wine ;
Though it gleam and shine,
Death is its lot.
Touch not, taste not
The unclean thing,
It will only bring
Canker and blot !”

LIFE OR DEATH.

WHETHER to live or die ?
That is the question now,
Which presses on the heart
And weighs upon the brain.

This is to live : To sigh
For Fame to crown the brow ;
For Wealth to yield her part ;
For joys in endless train ;
To plan and plot in vain.

Whether to live or die ?
That is the question great
Which sways, with such control,
The Pendulum of Thought.

This is to die : To fly
From all the ills of Fate ;
To free a ransomed soul
From battles weakly fought ;
Of pain to suffer naught.

Man smiles around Love's hearth
Encased in alban robes ;
In older arms he sleeps ;
On older breasts he lies ;
And, since his recent birth,
No King on peopled globes
E'er reigned o'er slopes and steeps
More free from Care's surprise.

Yet a few years, and then
His little robes are pressed
And softly laid away
By gentle mother-hands ;
Through the cool, shaded glen,
Over the rough hill's crest,
Dressed in fair Youth's array,
He searcheth Learning's Lands.

Still a few years, and then
He steppeth beyond the line
That crosseth the Vale of Youth,
And leadeth to Manhood's Plain.

He struggles with a sword or pen,
He labors in a shop or mine,
He champions the cause of Truth,
Or battles for sordid gain.

He toils from morn till noon ;
His feet are seldom still ;
His hands are seldom crossed
Upon a painless breast ;
Peace is a fickle boon
He ne'er can hold at will ;
His path is tempest-tost ;
His mind is ne'er at rest.

From noon till night he slaves
With hands more feeble grown
To baffle off the form
Of hunger from his door ;
Yet the sweet calm he craves
Still stints its meagre loan,
And night goes out in storm
Before his task is o'er.

With slow and irksome tread,
With knotted staff in hand,
He trudges up the slopes
Of Life's woe-checked hill ;
His mind to Fame is wed ;
He yields to her command
All else of earthly hopes,
Subservient to her will.

Ah, better those infant limbs
Had never strengthened more !
Better that infant soul
Had winged its flight to bliss ;
Better a mother's hymns
On Sorrow's wings should soar
Up to Religion's goal,
Than such a fate as this !

The fertile vales below,
Where flows the ripe, red wine
Of all of human joy
That blossoms on this sphere,

Fame bids him to forego,
And points with wand divine
To peace without alloy
Within her temple near.

'Tis true, upon his road
Some truant blessings gleam ;
Some wayward flowers bloom
To brighten up his care ;
Yet, heavy is his load,
And fitting is his dream ;
His flowers fade in gloom
And vanish on the air.

Still, after all is done ;
Still, after, weak and tired,
The acme he has reached
Of earthly wealth and fame,
What is the guerdon won,
The jewel long desired ?
The withered, parched and bleached
Dim laurel of a name !

Down the long aisles of Time
That name may echo on
And countless millions praise
Who never saw his face ;
Yet, will his crown sublime
Shine on his soul that's gone
Through never-ending days,
In matchless, fadeless grace.

What is this thing called Death,
That mortals fear it so ?
Is it an endless pain ?
Is it a ceaseless care ?
'Tis but a lapse of breath !
'Tis but the Gate of Snow
Leading to Eden's plain,
Holy and blest and fair !

In the dark grave is peace ;
In the dark grave a balm
Waiteth for ev'ry ill ;
In the dark grave is rest.

There will all sorrows cease ;
There reigns a holy calm ;
There weary feet are still ;
There quiet builds her nest.

So, if Death, in sudden, swift,
Unexpected manner fall,
Sev'ring all thy earthly ties
Like the waters were of old,
Thou shouldst gladly hail the gift,
And shouldst gladly heed the call
Wafted down the starlit skies
From the Corridors of Gold.

But if life become thy lot,
Thou shouldst bow thy willing head,
And essay to bear its load
Still of troubles to the end ;
Every cross should be forgot,
Save the One where Jesus bled ;
Thou shouldst walk the narrow road
Till the Lights and Shadows blend.

THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR.

SO, friends, another year has rolled around,
And vanished down the corridor of Time ;
Prosperity hath smiled, Affliction frowned,
O'er every nation, government and clime.

Then unto each I would a greeting give,
This pleasant, bright and happy New Year's
Day ;
And bowing lowly would solicit leave
To speak my mind—just in a casual way.

I will not prosy be, nor tire your patient mind
With crowds of words but senselessly applied ;
Like choicest gifts shall they acceptance find,
And, treasured in your hearts, esteemed abide.

The old year's dead ; his tired old face
Rests peaceful now beneath the winter's snow ;
No lines of sorrow, care or pain will trace
Themselves again upon his brow, I trow.

The old year's dead ; the new hath come and
sung

The requiem of his dear departed friend,
And Nature's sylvan silence swift hath rung
With weird echoing from end to end.

Old year ! Tempestuous born upon a wintry
night !

No wonder that thy life should be a mixture
odd
Of shades contending with the sunbeams bright,
Or thou, neglected, sleep beneath a frozen sod !

Old year, thou wert tired and weary ; life
And all its joys had no attraction then for
thee ;
Thou wish'dst for Peace from thy unseemly strife
With folly, sin and deadly enmity !

And so the old year died ; the good old year,
That brought us all so much of earthly good ;
Will we not grateful stand around his snow-white
bier ;
And bless his memory in a chastened mood ?

And while we stand thus weeping o'er
The form of him once well beloved of Time,
Shall not the thought of what has gone before
Admonish with its truth-inspiring chime?

What hast thou done the year gone by
To prove thy Master's gracious work in thee?
Hast thou deigned hearing to Affliction's cry,
Or calmed the prayer of plaintive Poverty?

Hast thou been merciful and good and kind
To the suffering, chastened and afflicted poor?
Hast thou thy heart to clemency inclined,
Or rudely closed the partly opened door?

What deed of mercy canst thou count as done?
What evil thing that thou shouldst never do?
How clear thy record as at setting sun
Thou readst the pages through and through?

Throughout the year hast thou a bridle kept
Upon thy thoughts, so that thy tongue should
speak
No single word about a friend, except
That word some love and peace and good ac-
cord might make?

When God hath seeming frowned, hath thy lips
smiled ?

Hast thy heart bowed unto the chastening
mood,

Or proud, rebelled and openly reviled,
Or quiet, cursed the Giver of all good ?

If such should be thy case, then pause,—reflect,
Ere heedlessly thou fallest into Death ;
God is not mocked ; this day, perhaps the next,
Thine own profanity may exclude thy breath !

Last year has gone, like all that went before,
Unto the endless depths of Space from whence
it came,
And soon, like it, the world will know no more,
Oh, friend, of thee, thy honor or thy shame !

Years come, years go ; Old Time precludes their
stay ;
He will not suffer them to linger with us long ;
The old unto the new must make a speedy way—
He who hath willed it is both just and strong.

Such is thy fate, oh man ; awhile
Time idly plays with thee among Life's
flowers ;

Beguiled and pleased by Childhood's smile,
He lingers shortly 'neath its cosy bowers.

But not for long ; his Master from on high
Demands that he should soon resume his
march ;

And so he leaves thee, and the moments fly ;
And thou art laboring 'neath a heavy arch.

Friend, thou shouldst know that save in death
Life has no other ending ; dost thou not ?
That through God's mercy or God's wrath,
Thy future joy or sorrow is begot ?

Then, change thy course ; let every passing day
Record for thee some work of Christian love ;
Let faith in God light up thy dreary way,
And hope for Heaven lead thy steps above.

Be kind and merciful and meek ;
Eschew the wicked and their sin ;
Guard well the words thy tongue would speak,
So will thy life forever blessings win !

Assist the fallen ! Cheer the sad of heart !
Speak words of comfort wheresoe'er thou be !
So will thy life some happiness impart,
And others love thy cherished memory.

Be not profane ; for God hath said
He will not hold thee guiltless doing this.
What profit will it be when thou art dead ?
Do oaths entitle one to future bliss ?

Be righteous, circumspect and bold ;
Be humble, merciful and sad ;
Show charity for winter's cold,
And seek to make affliction glad.

So live throughout the coming year,
With love, fair deeds of good intent,
No blot shall dim its memory dear,
And thou wilt cherish only deep content.

So now, friends, one and all, farewell !
The humble carrier at last has had his say :
And he has told you all he had to tell,
Which you'll remember, may be—in a casual
way !

FAITH REWARDED.

CHEER up, Christian, faint and weary,
Though temptations near you swarm,
And life's labor be but dreary,
Christ will shield you from all harm.

Thou hast faithful been, and truly
Hast thou worshipped God in love,
And when death come, thou wilt duly
Enter Heaven's Gate above !

Trust on, Christian, ever nearing
One bright hope without alloy ;
For thy form of dust is wearing
Promise of eternal joy.

GOD'S EYES.

THE lamp was out ; in darkness we
Sat by the window silently,
And watched the pale moon drifting by,
In misty splendor, down the sky.
The tiny, twinkling stars came out,
And fast began to peep about ;
They seemed to smile in friendly mirth
Upon the quiet, drowsy earth.

My wife and I and dainty Pearl,
Our precious, little fairy girl,
In rapture gazed upon the sight
Of these rare glories of the night.
At last, when we, engaged in thought,
Their holy influence had caught,
When we had buried meaner themes
Within the current of our dreams,
The little one climbed to my knees,
And, moved by strange philosophies,
Thus questioned, as she took my hand
And pointed to the starry-land :

“ Papa, p’ease tell me—oo’s so wise—
Has Dod dot verwy many eyes?”
Surprised at this, I made reply,
“ Not very many, dear ; but why?”
“ Betause I luts up in de sties,
And ev’rywhere he waints his eyes ;
He waints ’em down at me and oo,
And waints ’em at my mamma, too !”

Dear, cunning child ! thy mind doth far
Outshine the “ wainting ” of the star !

A FOREST IDYL.

PRELUDE—THE HERMIT.

FAR from the busy haunts of men, down in
the silent wood,
The solitary cabin of a lonely hermit stood,
O’erhung by a little bower of pretty ivy-vine,
That up the wall and o’er the roof their clinging
tendrils twine,

While the lofty growth of forest trees, about,
 behind, before,
Cast their shadows, dark and gloomy, upon the
 cottage floor ;
As the rays of golden sunshine scarce reach the
 open door ;
While softly comes from its hidden nook,
The tinkling sound of a flowing brook.
While farther out in the forest deep,
The beasts of prey their vigils keep ;
And quiet reigns a God supreme,
The silence of a midnight dream,
Unbroken, save when the red man starts,
From its slumb'ring couch with his poisoned
 darts,
Some gallant trophy of the huntsman's race,
All trembling sprung from its hiding-place,
And tireless follows over rocky glens
Until the victor's crown he gains,
When, burdened with his captured prey,
He, weary, wends his homeward way,
And clasps again, at eventide,
The faithful form of his dusky bride !

Not a sound except the whispering breeze,
As it gently plays 'mid the leafy trees,
And the gurgling brook, with its silvery song,
That softly and evenly glides along,
To break the silence so profound,
That in solemn grandeur reigns around !
Here the hermit lives his peaceful life,
Free from the ceaseless toil and strife ;
Not a vain regret for the days of yore,
Not a sigh for the things that have gone before,
Not a thought of the world he has left behind,
Disturbs the tenor of his mind,
But calmly waits the eternal rest,
Unloved—unhated—and so, blest !

FIRST.

One morning, ere the sun's first ray
Had heralded approaching day,
A woman's voice the hermit hears,
Memento of forgotten years,
That words unknown to him doth speak,
As though she would admittance seek,
And as he opened wide the door,
She, timid, stepped upon the floor !

The wondering hermit then could see
A blushing face drooped modestly,
A graceful, active, queenly form,
That would the gods Olympian charm ;
A Juno-head, and a rounded arm,
A heaving breast, that rose and fell
Like the ocean waves, in a dreamy swell,
And eyes that eloquently spake
The words her lips refused to make.
He read her message in her eyes :
To warn him 'gainst the foe's surprise ;
To tell him that that very day,
She had heard her Indian brother say
They would kill the pale-face every one
From the far, far East to the setting sun,
And she had come the lonely man to warn,
That he leave the place ere the coming dawn,
For she knew that the braves were even then
Scenting the track of the pale-face men ;
She knew that the battle-axe was raised,
And would nevermore find resting-place
Till the white man or the red man yield
The victory and the battlefield.

“ I will not go,” the hermit thought,
“ I will not leave these scenes so fraught
With peace and joy to me fore’er—
If I’m to die I’ll perish here,
Within the home I love so dear !”

SECOND.

Scarce had the hermit thought, when lo !
Sprang forth the savage, lurking foe !
With fiendish cries and ruthless hearts,
They pierced the hermit with their darts,
And bound him struggling to the stake,
While ’neath his feet a fire they make !
“ Oh, spare his life !” the maiden cries,
While the warriors gaze in cold surprise,
“ He has nothing done to injure you ;
Then spare his life, oh, Chieftain, do !”
But the Chieftain looked with pitiless eye
To see his tortured prisoner die,
While he motioned away the kneeling form,
Curling his lips with a haughty scorn :
“ Why would the Indian maiden save
The treacherous pale-face from his grave !
Does she not know that we have sworn
Our father’s land to make our own ?

That the time has come when we must now
In self-defence our claims avow,
Or else, in silence let them stand
Forever grasped by the pale-face hand ?”
“ I know,” the maiden cries, “ but, oh !
I pray you spare him from his woe !
If die he must, oh, Indian men,
Release him quickly from his pain !
For, by Great Manitou above,
I humbly plead for the man I love !
If ye have hearts to pity me,
I pray you end his misery !”
But all unheeded was her cry,
Each Indian warrior scorned reply,
While they laughed and jeered at the hermit’s
 pain,
Till the echoes caught the loud refrain,
And repeated it o’er and o’er again,
Till it reached the heart of the forest deep,
And broke the calm of Nature’s sleep !

THIRD.

Then the maiden rose with determined air,
Gone was the look of trembling fear,

Only the trace of a truant tear
Dimpling the cheek of her face so fair !
From a warrior standing closely by,
Unheeding the dainty action sly,
She seized a bow and aimed a dart
Straight at the dying hermit's heart !
“ Now, look ye all,” she loudly cries,
Whilst the list'ning echo quick replies,
“ Now, look ye all, and ye shall see
How strong a woman's love can be !”
Not a hand was raised the deed to stay ;
Not an answering word did a warrior say ;
Dumb wonder held them in her sway,
While the quivering dart sped swift away !
A gush of blood from the hermit's breast,
To mark the place where it paused to rest,
A trembling sigh—and nothing more,
As the hermit passed to the other shore !
Then something bright flashed in the air,
The flash of steel so cold and bare,
And the dark-eyed maiden drooped and fell,
For the sake of him she loved so well.

FOURTH.

The hermit's house no longer stands,
The monarch of those lonely lands,
For a mass of ruins marks the place
A silent, lone, deserted waste ;
And the Indians shun, with deadly fear,
Each shady grove and coppice here,
For many say that at eventide,
When the shadows are lengthened far and wide,
There walk 'mid the ruins side by side,
The hermit's spirit and its ghostly bride.

THE NELLIE AYRES.

“ ’T WAS a night of fear and dread,” thus the
old conductor said,
As we chatted in the barroom of the inn,
Cracking many jolly jokes, interspersed with
elbow-pokes,
Fitly salted down with toasts of Holland gin.

“Manhood’s vigor being mine, I was running
on the line
Of the Brooklyn, Greenport, and Long Island
Road,*
And the ev’ning it occurred, if you will accept
my word,
Not a star amid the murky darkness glowed !

“I was on the express train which left Brooklyn
prompt at ten,
And had made, I think, about six miles or so,
When I went to the last car, and gazed down the
night afar,
To discover if it was lighter or no.

“And I saw on the track, several miles at my back,
The glare of an engine’s head-light,
Yet I could not explain why it should be there,
• *then,*
As there was no extra that night.

* The Long Island Railroad—connecting Greenport with Brooklyn—at the time this incident, which is a true one, transpired, was in its infancy, and had only one track along a distance of ninety miles, with switches at different stations to allow trains to meet and pass.

“ So I went to the front and told Engineer Hunt
That a train was behind on the track,
And I asked him to look and to say what he took
The light for, away at our back.

“ He looked ; and then he said, with an oath that
was dread,
‘ That fellow’s ayther dhrunk or a fool !
Were I *you*, Cap’n Ross, I would go to the Boss,
And blow on him for breakin’ the rule !’

“ But even as we glanced our pursuer’s speed
advanced,
And its face was but a mile or so away,
And red sparklings from its stack glinted all along
the track,
Till we saw its massive form as plain as day !

“ Back, back, to the front rushed the Engineer
Hunt !
Fast he shovelled in the coal and the peat !
For he knew that life and death hung upon a
single breath,
Should the coming engine prove to be more
fleet !

“ I went in to where he stood, piling on the coal
and wood,

For the fireman was not swift enough *alone*,
And he looked at me and said, as he shook his
Irish head,

‘ May the divil tek that fellow, skin an’ bone !

“ ‘ Cap’n Ross, I’ve med a guess, which may
serve to mek the less

Of this ixtra train upon the track to-night ;
It may be Nillie Ayres, who was waiting for ray-
pairs

Whin we started out, if I raymimber right !

“ ‘ If thet *is* so, why, Baker will let up at Ja-
maica,*

An’ we can kape ahead of her till then ;
So, *fire her up, there, Johnny!* By the good
Saint Pathrick, sonny,

We will bate that impty ingin’ with our train !’

* Jamaica was the station where the machine-shops were located, and where all the repairing was done.

“ But when we reached Jamaica, t’our surprise
the fiend, Baker,
Aboard the Nellie, followed fiercely on !
And when we looked behind us, Nellie’s angry
glare did blind us,
So closely had she *then* upon us run !

“ And soon *another* error was plunging us in ter-
ror ;
For the train from *Greenport* now was nearly
due,
And always at Lakeland Station* we had taken a
vacation,
Switching off to let the meeting train pass
through !

* At Lakeland the trains from Greenport and Brooklyn were accustomed to meet, the latter switching off for the former to pass by. Hence the danger of the collision between the two, under the circumstances narrated in the poem, will be readily realized.

“ Like a whirlwind on we clattered ; for to us it
little mattered

Whether Death we met behind or met before !
Past our usual switching-place on we flew with
lightning pace,
With a dashing, crashing, deaf’ning rush and
roar !

“ On and on, we madly thundered, little recking
how we blundered,
All our senses blunted, stunned and dazed,
Till suddenly, in front, the brave Engineer Hunt
Cried aloud, in tones of one half-crazed :

“ ‘ Johnny, quick ! *The coal-oil can !* Stiddy,
stiddy ! Thet’s a man !
Tilt it over on the platform of the car,
Pour the oil upon the track ! Do not let your
muscle slack !
Heave-a-ho ! heave-a-ho ! *Now !* There you
are !’* ”

* This is an authenticated fact. No train can make headway on an oiled track. Ross had merely to sand the

“Soon behind the turmoil ceased, for the iron
being greased,

The Nellie Ayres was forced to stand stock-
still.

Then we backed up to her front and the Engineer
Hunt

Left our train and boarded her at will.

“And I heard him swiftly swear that no living
man was there,

That the engine had been running all alone,
Or the horrid Devil old, in his cunning over-
bold,

Had imbued it with a power not its own !

“Howsoever *that* might be, not a mortal did he
see,

And his wrath against the Baker simmered
down ;

track, therefore, and bear down on the Nellie Ayres, which, having struck oil, was forced to remain in a passive condition. The “cans” usually carried on board a locomotive, contain about a quarter of a barrel of oil. Hence the expression in the poem, “Do not let your muscle slack,” in connection with lifting an “oil-can.”

So we pushed along the track our train and Nellie
back,
Back upon the waiting-switch at Lakeland
town !

• “ *Not too soon !* for scarce had we gained this safe
security,
Than the Greenport train came swiftly rushing
by !
Not a soul on either knew what a dread they had
passed through,
Not a soul except the fireman, Hunt and I ?

“ And ere long a dispatch came in the Sup’rin-
tendent’s name,
Saying : ‘ Ross : The Nellie Ayres *has broken
loose,*
And is coming up the track with full steam and
smoking stack,
You must switch her off at Lakeland.

CHARLES CABOOSE. ’ ’

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